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Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Home Secretary at Home: Mrs. Herbert Gladstone

Mrs. Gladstone is one of the most charming and popular of the hostesses of the Liberal Party. She was married in 1901, and is the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Paget

No. 170.—Vol. XIII.

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Signature.....

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday March 6, 1907

The new Transvaal Constitution makes rapid progress towards perfection. Already it has a quarrel with its Upper House.

* * *

Despite the suddenness of the Royal swordplay through which, the other day, he sustained a knighthood, Sir Pieter Bam is announced to be quite well.

* * *

There was a very large attendance in the House of Commons to hear Mr. Haldane's Army speech, and the new and piquant spectacle of a member of the present Government talking of the Empire as though it actually mattered was keenly relished.

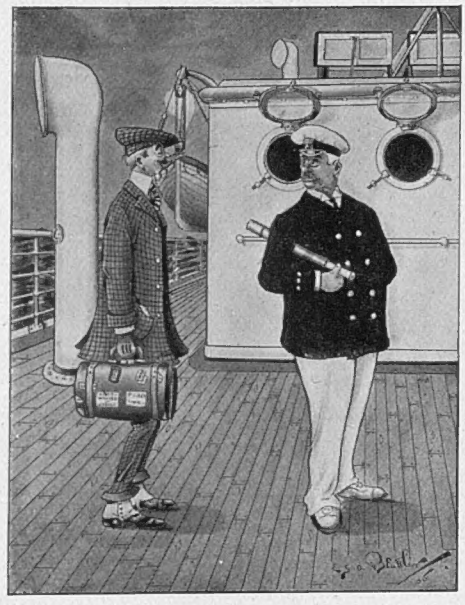
* * *

A contemporary, reviewing the speech, has so far taken leave of its senses as to suggest that, under the War Minister's new scheme, the counties may show the same zeal and ardour in raising an army as, at present, they devote to the organisation of cricket teams!

* * *

We cannot profess sympathy for the defeated side in last Saturday's L.C.C. elections. If a party is so eccentric as to make Facts the basis of its appeal to an electorate (as the losers admittedly did), they should not quarrel with the consequences.

* * *



What our Skipper has to Endure

PASSENGER (*joining the ship at Plymouth*): "Oh, I say, skippah, old fellah, will I be able to catch the 9.27 train at Sydney for Bathurst?"

(BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER)

At any rate, one important conclusion has been reached in the Thaw case. Americans, generally, are convinced that Mrs. Thaw, in her evidence, was either—

(1) Telling the truth, or
(2) Not telling the truth.

* * *

"'Why I Go to Prison,' by Christabel Pankhurst," announces *Pearson's Weekly*. Doubtless, it is because Miss Pankhurst is forcibly conveyed thither in one of His Majesty's dark-coloured Marias.

* * *

Sir Alfred Jones has been writing in a contemporary on the question, "What is Success? And What is the Surest Way to Attain It?" One way that occurs to us is to get yourself advertised by an earthquake.

* * *

The entire exclusion of official representatives of the criminal classes from a share in the ceremonies at the opening of the New Bailey last week has caused keen resentment in Bethnal Green and the Borough.

* * *

The Old Bailey, a *Daily Graphic* leader aptly reminds us, "was the worst ventilated building in London . . . the atmosphere of the Court frequently told upon the health of those within." To recover from the evil effects of a few hours spent there, people had, often, to go away for years and years.

* * *

In a City bootmaker's window we observed, in that sub-conscious fashion which is purely our own, a placard announcing

"GOLFING AND TOURING BROGUES."

We had often speculated on the origin of some that we have heard.

* * *

Advocating Disestablishment in the House, Mr. R. L. Everett, M.P., describes the Church of England as "a worldly Church, an aristocratic Church, and a political Church." But he could not expect every sect to enjoy the sweet freedom from politics which characterises Nonconformity.

* * *

Great Britain is now accused by Germany of "exploiting British peace advocates at the Hague for the purpose of bringing about a reduction in Germany's armaments without diminishing her own." It makes us blush, almost, to think that the Germans should think we are clever enough to do anything of the kind.

* * *

By insetting into its columns the following device :—

The New 'Daily Mail' Feuilleton will Commence Shortly.

our contemporary has hit on something quite neat and serviceable. By no means its least happy attribute is the half-mourning border.

A Few Comments on the Commons

A Very Self-Satisfied House

Of all the Houses of Commons that ever assembled, probably none has been more profoundly pleased with itself than the present. I can scarcely scan the report of an M.P.'s speech (Government side) which does not extol "our" virtues. What energy! What eagerness! What enthusiasm! Mr. Squeers gloating over the oiliness of young Wackford was nothing to the average Radical M.P. praising the excellence of the House of which his Party forms the three-quarter part.

In a sense, I am constrained to agree with these encomiums. Certainly, the present House has its points, and excels in many respects its predecessors. Of a truth, it is more earnest. It takes itself more seriously. It hurries in and out of the lobbies as though the division figures actually mattered. Its applause is heartier than of yore. Members dine comparatively little, shave only in moderation, and wear jackets and felt hats with serious purpose. As a spectacle, too, the present Parliament gives very much less powerfully to yawn than its predecessor. Its superiority as an entertainment is, however, the same as that which the "refined variety entertainment" has over the old music-hall. The Theatre Royal, Westminster, puts up a better "all-round show" than in recent years, but to the sacrifice of the old-time star turns.

Not a One-Man Show

To-day, it cannot be said that any one personality dominates the House. So far as the Treasury Bench is concerned, they all dominate. They are a chorus of first-rate soloists; an orchestra of *virtuosi*. Hot still, most of them, from ten years' thumping of the tub of Opposition, they are not yet mildewed by the Front Bench manner. True, they have been a year in office; but it has really been a year of opposition. The self-chosen duty of His Majesty's Government has been, so far, to oppose His Majesty's Opposition — to censure it right and left, its little loaf, its yellow slaves, its teachers' tests, its Peerage, its "foolery," and everything that was its. Whether or no this opposing tendency on the part of members of the Government has been for the good of the country or no, it has all gone towards making a very entertaining show for the spectators.

A Glimpse of the Treasury Bench

The Premier, rotund, genial, but a little worn-looking; Mr. Asquith, smiling and ruddy, as though there never had been any Suffragettes; Mr. Birrell, with grey hair and keen, humorous face; Mr. Lloyd-George, fairer and more pleasing of mien than his photographs betray; Mr. Churchill, surprisingly *petite* of profile, pale and slightly bald for so professionally young a politician, and—yes!—spectacled; Mr. Haldane, conspicuous as looking like a larger Mr. Churchill, his distinctive mark being a thoughtful wisp of hair plastered down his forehead; Mr. Morley, quiet of demeanour, ruddy of face and tie; Sir H. Fowler, old and careful of gait; Mr. Burns—well, I cannot dismiss Mr. Burns between a couple of commas. He abounds in "business." He keeps still seldom. One minute he is listening to a speech, then taking notes, conversing with a neighbour, searching the reference books before him on the table, conspiring behind the Speaker's Chair, or even on the Front Opposition Bench itself! So far as speeches are concerned, really it is a toss-up whether one member of the Government is more or less interesting than another, and this I mean in the complimentary sense, that all are interesting.

The Pathetic Opposition

If the eye does hover more frequently on any one quarter of the House than another—if there is one figure of predominant interest, it is the generally sleeping and sprawling one of Mr. Balfour, by whose side are generally assembled Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Long, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and behind whom is the barest handful of supporters, each one with a separate grievance. As a "turn," Mr. Balfour is very unequal. The one song which his audience most wants him to sing—the Fiscal song—he, in his heart, detests, and he sings it very badly. Mr. Balfour aspires to the grand opera of high politics and economics; his supporters want the rough-and-tumble burlesque of stump Fiscalities. To hear his ambling references to "this—er—this Fiscal question," and to watch the countenances, and to hear the silence, of those behind him, is an entertainment in itself. However, his defects on the Fiscal question are in measure atoned by the strident tones of Mr. Bonar Law, and the plaintive piping of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. In regard to the latter, opinion is very general that, as a speaker on the Fiscal question, he is more than the mere "son of his father," and his remarks, winding up the recent debate, were so lucid, so well delivered, and, statistically speaking, so sound, that approval was general.

—And the Labour Members

Nor are the Labour Members disappointing. No word of exaggeration has been said as to the actual nature of the change that their "arrival" in numbers has brought over the vision of the dream at St. Stephen's. Indeed, one does rub one's eyes (I reproduce as faithfully as possible) to hear:—

"Mr. Speaker, sir—I ain't a man wot's 'ad a University eddication, like the Chancellor o' the Exchequer, so wot I'm a-goin' to say on this 'ere question"——etc., etc.

Or—

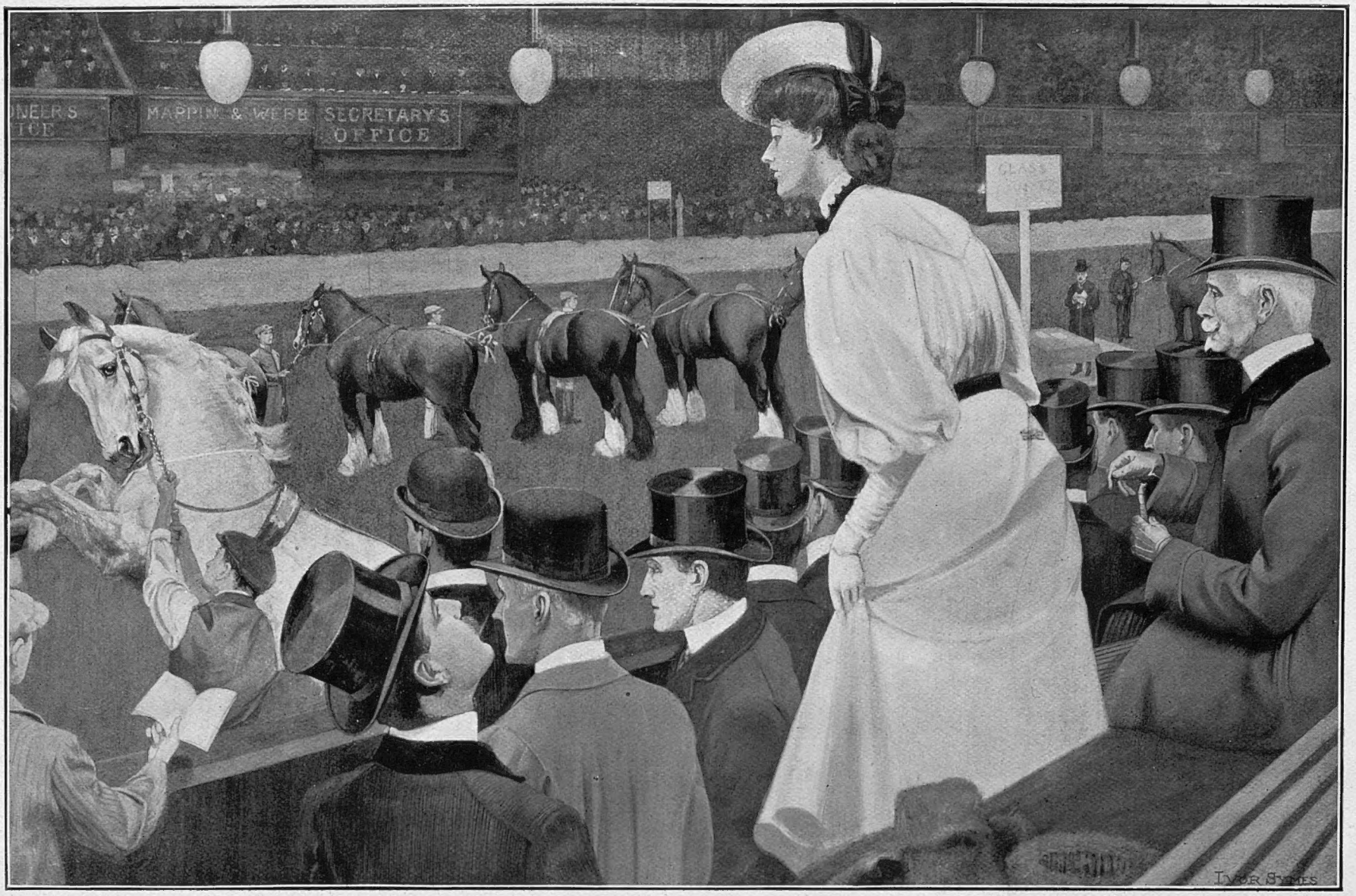
"It ain't no business of mine, sir, to settle the question. My right 'on'r'ble friend over the way there (Mr. Burns) is getting paid well enough for the job."

And, in conclusion, let me note a decided *rapprochement* between the Labour and the Tory benches. It is now possible for an employer of labour or a landlord to address the Speaker on an industrial question and yet to be interrupted at only every *other* sentence by the gentlemen below the gangway.

V. C.

The Topictator

AN ORDEAL BROUGHT TO A TIMELY END BY LAST SATURDAY'S L.C.C. ELECTIONS)



At the Shire Horse Show: A fair enthusiast

The twenty-eighth Annual Show of the Shire Horse Society was opened in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 26th ult. There was a very large attendance, representative of every part of the country where Shire horses are bred

BY I. SYMES

Norway's Winter Sports' Festival

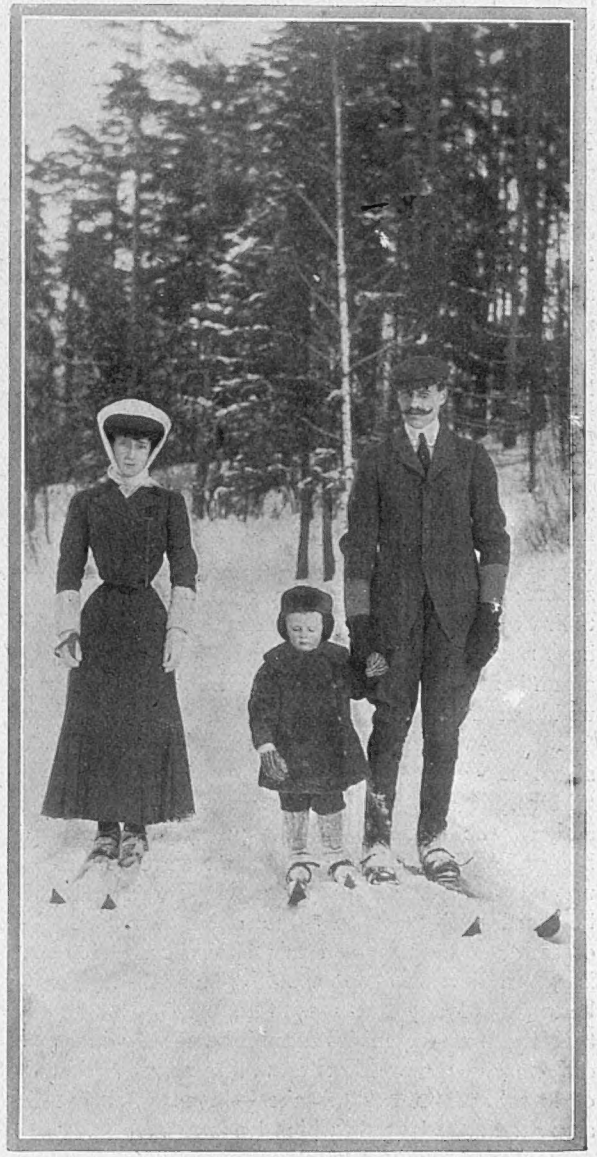
The Winter Sports' Festival at Trondhjem: A competitor in the Ski-ing Championship taking the jump

Trondhjem was, on February 21, 22, and 23, the scene of the annual ski-ing and skating festival in Norway, and attracted competitors from all parts

Photos

H.R.H. Princess Victoria

Who is now on a visit to her sister, the Queen of Norway. She is very fond of skating and ski-ing, pastimes there is little or no opportunity of indulging in her native country

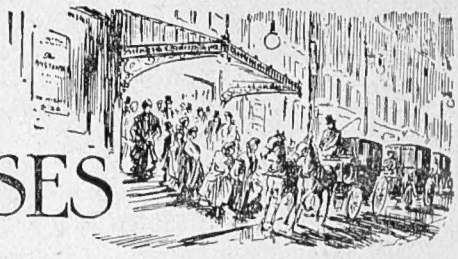


Wilse

The King and Queen of Norway, with Prince Olaf

Who were present each day during the Trondhjem Meeting. As befits the future King of Norway, Prince Olaf, as can be seen, is already quite at home on his skis

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

DO ENGLISH ACTRESSES ACT ENOUGH

"Wanted—an actress?" Under this striking title "Mordred" in the *Referee* recently drew attention to a state of affairs which has existed so long in the world of the English theatre that people have almost ceased to marvel at it. The writer quoted instances which go to prove that one of the greatest difficulties which besets the modern manager in a new production is the making up of the feminine members of his cast. Mr. Harrison, of the Haymarket, figures first upon the list of managers in a quandary. He has been compelled to postpone indefinitely the production of the English adaptation of *Mlle. Josette, ma femme*, because of his inability to find an English actress able to play the rôle in which Mlle. Marthe Régnier scored such a notable success in Paris. "Mordred" declares, furthermore, that he knows of two other managers who, confronted with the same difficulty as Mr. Harrison, are meeting the case by importing actresses, the one from France, the other from Germany. Here is a pretty pickle! Enough to make the gallant male scribe blush even as he sets forth the indictment against the fair prisoner—English actress. "Mordred," in his able article, tempers justice with much mercy. He puts the principal blame upon the actor-managers, who "have subordinated every other interest to their own personal advancement; who have relegated the actress to the background in bringing themselves into undue prominence."

Photo *Thomson*

Miss Stella Campbell

Who is making her first appearance on the stage this week in Miss Rosina Fillippi's matinées at Terry's, is the only daughter of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Both mother and daughter are keen suffragists, and took part in the procession the other day

This is very fine and very true—shall I say very judicious? "Mordred" has put his finger upon a real offender, and, at the same time, has precluded the possibility of a deputation of indignant actresses waiting upon his doorstep. But the English actress will be hard put to it to remove the whole burden of blame from her own fair shoulders. That she is given but few opportunities for distinguishing herself I admit; but I wish to emphasise the fact that those opportunities would be largely increased did she show more signs of taking her art seriously; of learning from her mistakes—in short, of battling along the arduous path which leads to success.

Ineffective Criticism

The English actress opposes to the weapon of disinterested criticism a natural armour of conceit and self-sufficiency. I am not talking at the moment of newspaper criticisms alone. There are hosts of expert critics of acting who do not write for the papers, keen men of the world, and theatre-goers, men who are as familiar with life behind as with life in front of the curtain. Again, there are the great producers and stage managers; there are the actors who have made a speciality of tuition. All these men are judges of acting. Their views are always worth attention. I am supposing that every London actress of established reputation numbers at least one of this type among her friends who is qualified to give an expert opinion upon her work. If she really felt dissatisfied with her work, one can imagine her, even if she disdain the opinions of the critics in the newspapers, turning for advice to the kind of critic I am describing. But they do not do this. How do I know? Because, in seven years of constant playgoing as a newspaper representative, I have noticed little, if any, improvement in the art of dozens of actresses whose names are as familiar to the public as the names of the members of the present Cabinet. Hence, by a perfectly logical process of reasoning, I am led to one of two conclusions—either actresses do not court criticism, or criticism fails to make its mark upon them. Personally, I lean to the view that actresses read and hear opinions which should open their eyes to their shortcomings—and *simply do not believe them*. My dear Miss U (the reader), I beg to impress upon you the fact that you are the brilliant exception which proves the existence of the types I am about to enumerate. So please bear with me when I expose the folly and slackness and noxious self-appreciation which hinder Miss X, Miss Y, Miss Z, and so many of her sisters in the profession, from making any real progress in their art.

Insufficient Acting

Miss X is a celebrity indeed, fit to be named with Bernhardt and Duse. She has frequently gone into management, and has reigned a queen over her own company in a theatre of her own leasing. Occasionally she is engaged by another manager, and the quidnuncs

shake their heads and whisper mysteriously together. "£200 a week, my boy, not a penny less." "It may work out at that. As a matter of fact I know the exact terms of her contract: £150 per week and a percentage of the profits." The aspiring actress looks up at Miss X and longs for the day when she, too, will "get there," and have the know-alls in their differences multiplying her salary by 2 and by 1¾. Yet, from the artistic point of view, the great Miss X is about as bad a model as a young actress could well choose. She is encrusted with faults and mannerisms which have formed since the great day when she made her name in a great part. For years she has wandered in the wrong paths. She has trusted to her own judgment and has lost her way. Under proper artistic control she would have made a really great actress. She has failed to find the goal because "no one could tell her anything." One watches her performance at the present day and groans at the thought of what might have been. There are flashes of inspiration in her performance which reveal the great capabilities within her. Under the control of a great stage manager, such as the late Augustus Daly, there is no knowing the heights to which she might have reached. With no one to guide her footsteps, she has blundered on, and missed the right path. Women, by their very nature and temperament, are more liable to go astray in Art than men. Acting, too, is an Art full of pitfalls for the unwary. These melancholy thoughts crowd upon the mind as one watches the performance of Miss X. Her delivery is slipshod and monotonous. Her gestures are graceful enough, but without meaning. They do not illuminate and give expression to the spoken word. Her grasp upon the character she is playing is loose. She does not grip the character at once, but gropes after it with an uncertain touch. There is little play upon her features. The general expression is what the poetical would call soul-wearied, the Philistines would call bored. Little bits from a former great performance—familiar gestures and tones—are introduced with odd and abrupt effect.

Amateurs in Opera: A performance of "Carmen" at Surbiton

Crowded audiences, last week, attended the amateur performances of *Carmen* at the Assembly Rooms, Surbiton. Both the acting and the stage management were of a remarkably high order. The parts of Don José and Carmen were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Richards, two well-known teachers of singing, and the Toreador Micaela were played by Mr. Reginald Cooke, and Miss Connie Whelan

Photos *Rita Martin*

"Othello" on Tour: Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton, who were last week at the Kennington Theatre

Keen enjoyment is in store for the suburbs and the provinces, owing to the tour of Mr. Oscar Asche, which has just commenced. His Othello is certainly one of the finest impersonations of recent years, and Mr. Asche, with his fine voice and fearsome presence, is particularly suited for the rôle, while Miss Lily Brayton is a particularly charming Desdemona

Lost Opportunities

The case for the pessimists who growl at the dearth of English actresses would have been considerably weakened had Miss X reached the summit of artistic achievement of which she was capable. Miss Y, a leading lady of great renown, has done some sterling work in the past. She has a magnificent presence, raven black hair and dark, expressive eyes. She is cut to the measure of a tragedy queen. Unfortunately, she casts aside these natural advantages in her desire to appear in the rôle of a spoilt, high-spirited heroine of tender years. There is hardly a character in the *répertoire* of Sarah Bernhardt to which Miss Y, properly coached and stage-managed, could not do justice. At present the spirit of the nursery broods over her performances. She appears to think that an audience is beguiled by baby talk. So, in the line of young heroines in which she now appears, she clips her words and prattles, she pouts and postures like a precocious child of twelve. Miss Y is still a young woman on the sunny side of forty, so there is really no need for her to ape the manners of the pinafore age. Is it possible that Miss Y is unaware of the fact that she is not only making herself ridiculous, but throwing away the chances which are hers by reason of her beautiful, majestic appearance and her real ability to act? If this is so, it is the bounden duty of someone to go to Miss Y and to say, "It is being stated that there is a serious slump in English actresses. Will you kindly drop the nursery manner and give a fillip to the market?"

Next week I will deal with the pathetic case of Miss Z, who might, an she chose, be a great English comedienne. Her case should give Miss U (the reader) further cause for rejoicing that she is not one of these. E. C. S.

CRITERION THEATRE

"Three Blind Mice"

The blindness of infatuation and the foolishness of lovers is a good theme upon which to found a comedy, and Mr. Arthur Law may be congratulated upon producing from the fare set before the public at the Criterion Theatre.

The play is chiefly concerned with the machinations of the bygone sweetheart of Marjorie Lovel's godfather, Julian Shuckburgh, who has thrown him over to marry a rich and titled husband. Perceiving that Julian is likely to fall in love with his godchild, this woman persuades Marjorie that her godfather merely looks upon her as a child, and that really he is still in love with herself. The result is that Marjorie accepts the least desirable of her three ardent suitors (the Three Blind Mice), but is extricated at the last moment and marries her godfather. The three mice are played in amusing vein by Mr. Max Leeds, Mr. Hubert Druce, and Mr. O. B. Clarence.

The performance of Mr. Fred Kerr as Julian Shuckburgh is excellent. Miss May Palfrey as Marjorie Lovel brings a great deal of distinction into a distinctly poor part. Lady Richard Marrable is well played by Miss Granville. W. R. B.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Sir Guy de Vere (Mr. J. Welch) describes to Lady Rowena how he looks in armour

"Like the last sardine in the tin"

THE NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET

For magnificence and ingenuity, *The Queen of Spades*, the new ballet at the Alhambra, exceeds anything yet seen at this theatre. It is one continuous stream of beautiful effects. The scene opens in the garden of the Kursaal, where the love of a young sculptor (Miss Julie Seale) for his *fiancée* (Miss L. Bryant) is stolen away by a famous dancer, L'Etoile (Mlle. Alexia). The latter induces him to gamble, and, always losing, he is soon ruined. The scene changes, and gives place to one entitled "Dream Visions," in which the incidents of the sculptor's dream are illustrated. The final scene is entitled the "Nymphs' Grotto." Throughout, the dancing is most excellent, that of Mlle. Alexia and M. Orfeo being nothing short of wonderful. Signorina Morino (*première danseuse* in *L'Amour*) also dances beautifully in the new ballet. The action and dances were composed and arranged by Signor Alfredo Curti. The music is by Signor Mario Costa. The whole ballet is a masterpiece of scenic art and mechanical device, and was loudly applauded. R. M.

The Mediævalisms of Mr. Welch

IN "WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD" AT WYNDHAM'S

The Opening of Act II.: Sir Guy, in modern attire, finds himself among his ancestors

Sir Guy de Vere (Mr. James Welch), having fallen asleep (in 1906), finds himself suddenly transported back to 1196—surrounded, in his own castle, by all his retainers and familiars wearing the costumes and swearing the strange oaths of the period

THE ASSEMBLED HOST: "Hail, Sir Guy!"
SIR GUY: "* * * * * ? ? ? ? ! ! ! !"

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

Act III.: The awakening of Sir Guy

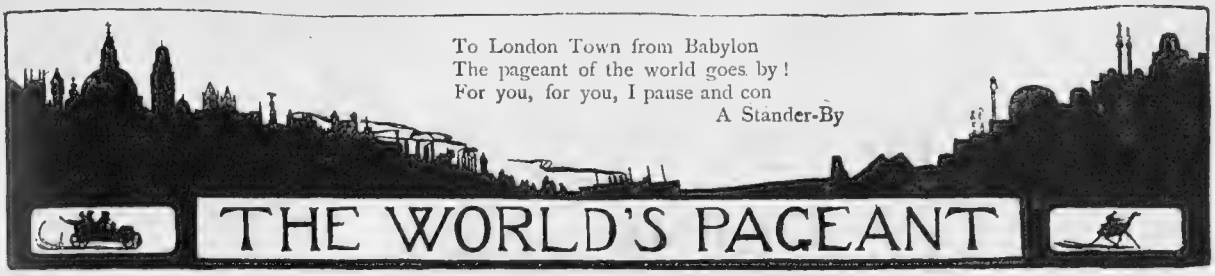
Sir Guy de Vere, after a whole act of riotous and mediæval derring-do, in which he performs strange feats of gallantry, and acquires quite a special line in blank-verse, awakens to find himself back again in 1906. In order, however, to have his revenge on the snobbish friends and relations who have taunted him with being but an unworthy scion of a noble race, he keeps up the 1196 mannerisms and dialect with prodigious effect

SIR GUY (*to servant*): "Art thou there, varlet? Did I not bid thee bring my armour and arm me for the fray?"
THE ASSEMBLED HOST: "* * * * * ? ? ? ? ! ! ! !"

A Princess of Wondrous Robes

H.R.H. The Crown Princess of Roumania

Who is visiting the British Court for three weeks. She is the niece of King Edward (being a daughter of the late Duke of Coburg), and is noted for the magnificence of her costumes, which are, mostly, made for her in Bukharest



The King's Holidays

Uneasy, so we read in our copy-books, lies the head that wears a crown, but it might well have been added, there are compensations. Few monarchs, I suppose, work harder, when they are working, than King Edward. (The very thought of those three sacks of letters which arrive at Buckingham Palace every morning, when His Majesty is in residence, augurs some "sticking-to-it" by someone, if not their Royal addressee!) Yet, in few other official positions is it possible to shoot for a month, work for a month, and play for two months. For this last is the avowed intention of His Majesty. He is to stay in Biarritz for the best part of a month. He is then to be joined by the Queen, and for three weeks their Majesties will make Royal holiday on board the Royal yacht cruising in the Mediterranean.

* * *

Her Majesty's Health

Queen Alexandra, by the way, it is delightful to be able to chronicle, is enjoying better health at present than she has done for years. She has thrown off almost completely the nervousness which beset her when she first, after so many years of waiting, came to the Throne, and is even beginning, I am told, to exhibit a certain *joie de vivre* which, up to now, has been considered the exclusive privilege of His Majesty.

The Prince of Wales's New House

It is, by the way, quite true that the Prince of Wales has purchased an estate in Norfolk. York Cottage, though enormously improved and added to of late years, is, of course, no really fit residence for a Crown Prince with a large family, and His Royal Highness has for some time had a move in view. I notice that, during the forthcoming visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Glasgow, the Princess, "in appreciation of the high example shown by her in an exalted position," is to be presented with the Freedom of the City and the inevitable casket on her very own, so to speak, which appreciation proves once again how dear the practical woman is to the anti-temperamental Scot. For the Princess is probably the most practical woman south of the Tweed. In a lower sphere she would have made an ideal poor man's wife. She exercises her practical talents in the almost perfect method in which she brings up her children. "They are simply ducks," said a Norfolk woman to me, and so, I believe, they really are.

* * *

A Host of Royalty—and Some Guests

The King, by the way, will be a near neighbour of the King of Spain, who is now at the Royal Palace, San Sebastian. It is probable that while there King Alfonso will indulge in his latest hobby—the game of golf. What an athlete that young monarch is! A crack shot, a high-speed

Ye Royal Player of Ye Antient Game

King Alfonso playing golf near Madrid. His Majesty is getting quite a good player, and while at San Sebastian will devote a good deal of time to perfecting himself in the pastime

The Phonograph as Pedagogue

motorist, an expert swimmer, accomplished horseman and hunter, there are few sports at which he does not excel. I hear, by the way, from Spain, that he is "a tomboy," and that "so is the Queen." Also, "they are the best of friends," which, in a Royal match, really is very convenient. It was, too, to my Madrid correspondent that, before Princess Ena met King Alfonso, she confided, "I don't see how I am to marry, for there's no one to marry." After their meeting, however, the now Queen Victoria Eugénie decided, out loud, that he was "such a dear, one couldn't help liking him," which speaks well for the youthful Spanish monarch's first tentative attempts at courting.

* * *

"Good King Frederick"

King Frederick of Denmark and his immensely tall Consort, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Roumania, and Prince Fushimi of Japan, are to be among the Royal guests entertained by the King and Queen this Spring. King Frederick, the brother of Queen Alexandra, though the possessor of a private fortune of some five millions sterling, is yet the simplest of men. He is a great believer in economical housekeeping, and even practises it in his own household. He sups each night, not off oysters at 7*s.* 6*d.* a dozen and Louis Roederer at goodness knows what a bottle, but on a basin of bread and milk. He is married to a daughter of King Charles XV. of Sweden, has eight children, and holds, like his wife, deeply religious Lutheran views.

Photo *Maull and Fox*

Earl Percy

Who, in the Commons, made a speech of considerable brilliancy on the Address

* * *

A Beautiful Princess

The Crown Princess of Roumania, of course, is the niece of King Edward and a daughter of the late Duke of Coburg. Charmingly pretty, she does not hesitate to enhance her beauty by frocks quite wondrously designed, and it is probable that during the three weeks she and her husband are to spend at the English Court (a tremendously long sojourn for Royalties, by the way), we shall see what Bukharest can do in the way of dressmaking, for the Princess herself greatly admires the national skill therein. I am told that her eldest daughter, who is now a school-girl, promises to inherit all her mother's beauty, and, as everyone knows, it is the singular

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Phonograph Delivering a Lecture!

Westminster School was lately decidedly startled by a novel teacher of languages, in the shape of a phonograph in the Old Hall. The lecture was listened to with rapt attention and respect

South Africa's Industries

THE INTERESTING EXHIBITION NOW IN PROGRESS AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL

General view of the South African Industries Exhibition, opened by the King

H.M. THE KING

[*delighted with the rhinoceros hide whip presented to him by his South African subjects,*]

KNIGHTS

[*much to everybody's surprise, with a sword borrowed from an officer standing near by,*]

SIR PIETER BAM

Fowl from the Veldt (assorted sizes): The fine exhibits of Ostriches and Chickens from Cape Colony

Photographs of the King and Sir Pieter Bam enlarged from the bioscope picture by the Warwick Trading Company, now being shown at the Palace Theatre

Britain's Youngest Peeress

popularity of the Crown Princess and of her son, Prince Carol, which has done so much towards reconciling the Roumanians to the heir to the Roumanian throne, Prince Ferdinand.

* * *

Lords on the Lords

The son and heir of the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Percy, really made quite a brilliant speech in support of his amendment to the Address. His speech is, of course, by now ancient history, though its purport—the reform of the House of Lords—is still and ever with us. But it is on Lord Newton's House of Lords' Reform Bill that public opinion is chiefly concentrated. In his suggested reform it is to be noted that Lord Newton follows in the footsteps not only of his political opponent, Lord Rosebery, whose serious indisposition, by the way, is causing deep anxiety to his many friends and admirers, but also of the Earl of Dunraven and Lord Salisbury. All three, in the year 1888, brought in Bills containing their ideas of reform—at least, the Lords Salisbury and Dunraven brought in Bills, Lord Rosebery simply outlined his ideas, as he has a way of doing. But both bills and suggestions were withdrawn.

* * *

The Purport of the Bill

Now we have Lord Newton's Bill. His theory (which Lord Curzon supports) is that the Assembly should be carefully winnowed, and vacancies filled in by life peerages. His Bill provides for reducing the number of seats for hereditary peers, for the election by the outsiders of one-fourth of the whole number as representing peers, for the creation of life peerages, and for giving to peers the right to contest seats in the House of Commons. His plan would reduce the number of the House of Lords from 600 odd to 400 odd; but as recent statistics have proved that the average attendance in the Upper House of some 600 members in a year was only seventy-five, the above reduction would doubtless come as a boon and a blessing rather than a loss and a disappointment. The abuse of a privilege is invariably followed sooner or later by its withdrawal.

* * *

Modern Intrusions

To say that this is an age of innovations, though doubtless a platitude, has the inestimable advantage of being only too obviously true. Our illustration is one which should surely make old Westminster scholars turn in their graves. For here, in the old Hall of Westminster School, one of the most modern as well as one of the, really, most plebeian of inventions is blatantly to the fore. The phonograph is taking the place of the master, and is giving a lesson in foreign languages, and in imagination one sees the ancient dignities of Westminster shivering for their continuance. And, apart from the sentimental side of the question, "what price," to descend to the vernacular, the schoolmaster, if the cult of the educational phonograph continues? Surely he will become unnecessary, except as a useful adjunct to take the boys out for walks, and apply the cane when needed. And I really foresee amusement (for the bystander) in the spectacle of a phonograph teaching cricket to the lower forms. Imprecations and abjurations shrieked from a hoarse phonographic throat should be just as effective as those of even an under-master. By the way, is German the language which Westminster is learning from the phonograph? Indeed, I hope so, for its accent should be realistic to the last point.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

The Youngest Peeress and her Mother

A recent portrait of our youngest peeress. The little Baroness Clifton, of Leighton Browswold, is the only daughter of the late Earl of Darnley, whom she succeeded as seventeenth holder of the title. Her mother, Lady Darnley, has recently married Captain Leveson, R.N.

* * *

Irish Industries

Ireland, somehow, like America, always manages to keep herself in the eye of the world. If it is not Home Rule it is the Exhibition; if it is not the inevitable and annual "Irish Industries" it is the marriage of an Irish Earl to a pretty and penniless actress, and always it is something which concerns Ireland, and Ireland alone. For the Green Isle is notoriously as self-centred as she is charming, and as April-mooded as she is tearful. But the forthcoming Exhibition is to prove that Ireland is not, at any rate, wanting in the modern spirit of industrial advance. No less than four years ago this Exhibition was decided upon, Lord Pirrie, the Earl of Mayo, Lord Castletown, the Earl of Belmore, and Count Moore being amongst its foremost supporters. To-day, in spite of set-backs innumerable and opposition untold, £200,000 has been collected, a site has been presented by the Earl of Pembroke, and the Florentine buildings which are to hold the Exhibition are rising all over it. It is hoped very much in Ireland that the King will come to open the Exhibition in May. Our turn next, they said in Dublin when the Paris visit was in

Four Débutante Brides

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Lady Gerard
Née Miss Gosselin

Photo *Keturah-Collings*

The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Fellowes
Née Miss Dorothy Jefferson

Photo *Speaight*

Lady Wynford
Née the Hon. Eva Napier

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Mrs. Walter Burns
Née Miss Evelyn Cavendish-Bentinck

A Popular Irish Peeress

progress, but this part of the affair is still "wropt in mystery." The Irish Channel does not attract the King, as we all know, but he may go notwithstanding.

* * *

The Countess of Mayo

No Irish peeress is more devoted to Irish interests than is Lady Mayo, and it is memorable that it was during the Dowager Lady Mayo's third term of office as wife of the Chief Secretary for Ireland that King Edward, as Prince of Wales, and accompanied by Queen Alexandra, was installed in Dublin Castle a Knight of St. Patrick. The then Lord Mayo met, it will be remembered, a tragic death during his subsequent Viceroyalty in India, and the present Earl, his son, has devoted his energies to national rather than to official life. He is a great fox-hunter, and has written several books on sport. Like his wife, he is a keen collector, china and miniatures being "his," while gilt lustre ware is that of Lady Mayo. Lady Mayo is a Ponsonby. Like most Irish women, she is a splendid horsewoman. She takes a warm interest in her husband's tenantry; and, as he receives rent on about 7,000 Irish acres, there is no lack of tenantry in which her ladyship can interest herself.

Photo *Keturah-Collings*

A Popular Irish Peeress: The Countess of Mayo

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Sporting Chances

The recent horrible disclosures in connection with the Devonport visit have their brighter side. They have proved once again that Britons, especially municipal Britons, never, never will be slaves. The story is too recent, and has been too often told, to bear repetition. But in brief, the Municipality of Devonport, bursting with civic pride and with a weather eye open to the always sporting chance of a knighthood for its Mayor, intimated to the Naval authorities that it wished to participate municipally in the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Naval authorities, wishing to bore their Royal visitors only in so far as was necessary, looked coldly on the suggested caskets, addresses, welcomes, and bouquets, which are the inevitable accompaniments to a Royal visit, and, in fact, behaved most unkindly, even going so far as to invite Mrs. Moon, not as the Mayoress, but as plain Mrs. Moon, to one of the "secondary enclosures." Civic humanity was naturally outraged. It withdrew proudly into itself, and, to punish the Naval authorities, hid itself from the eyes of the Royal visitors.

* * *

Raining Knighthoods

The disappointment of the Mayor, if not of the Corporation, is, of course, quite comprehensible. As everyone knows, the chances of receiving the honour of knighthood when Royalty is about are, at least, 10 to 1 against the field. Really, no one is safe on those occasions. Consider the case of Sir Pieter Bam, the gentleman who was knighted at the opening of the South African Exhibition the other day. The thought of a knighthood had never even entered his mind; nothing was farther from his thoughts. But, "all of a sudden," as a contemporary gracefully puts it, the King had a happy thought. He whispered to Lord Elgin for a moment, seized the nearest available sword, and in a moment, Sir Pieter Bam was—well, Sir Pieter Bam, a trusty and well-beloved knight.

* * *

A Surfeit of Elections

Elections really are getting on our nerves. First, Germany, then the Transvaal, and, lastly, the L.C.C. One began to imagine they would never come to an end. But they have, fortunately. And now we have a period of calm in which to view the operations of a new South Africa. The elections have proved that the country at large prefers the dominion of the Boers to the dominion of the Randlord, and the Boer, having satisfied us of his loyalty, and gained self-government, must be left to work out his own and his country's satisfaction. This grant of self-government, of course, is called by the Liberal Party a vindication of the Liberal policy, but, after all, it amounts to this. The Boers and the British are now to share the government of the Transvaal on an equality basis, and this, if I may respectfully say so, is just precisely what the late Government asked of Mr. Kruger, whose refusal thereof was the cause of the late disastrous war.

* * *

Some Débutante Brides

Last year was a record one for aristocratic weddings; therefore, this will be a record year for *débutante* brides. They include Lady Gerard, who is the daughter of the late Sir Martin Gosselin, and who is her husband's cousin; Lady Wynford, the only child of Lord Napier of Magdala; Lady Celia Coates; and Lady Mary Ward, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gosford. The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Fellowes, who is married to the eldest son of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, was Miss Dorothy Jefferson, and is amongst those who make their bows as wives of eldest sons of barons, Mrs. John and Mrs. Arthur Coke, and Mrs. Arthur Crichton being amongst these latter. Mrs. Walter Burns and Mrs. John Ford will both be presented on their marriage. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, whom the King counts amongst his oldest friends. Mr. Burns is a nephew of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, a brother of Mrs. Lewis Harcourt.

Spring's Brilliant Debut

SOCIETY THRONGS TO THE "GRAND MILITARY" AT SANDOWN

Visitors Leaving the Members' Enclosure for the Paddock

The Grand Military Steeplechase, the first great social race meeting of the year, was, on Frid y last, visited by a brilliant assembly. The weather was lovely, and the lawns, bathed in Spring sunshine, presented an animated spectacle

Brigg's M.P.: New Legal Knight

"And Still They Come!"

In a former paragraph I have remarked on the sporting chances everyone runs of being made a knight "on the spot" when Royalty is about, and, even since writing these words, the number of His Majesty's liege and loyal knights has been increased by two! It was after opening the magnificent new "Old Bailey"—by the way, it is quite a temptation to get "run in" now, so that one may have a chance of "officially" visiting this magnificent building—that His Majesty knighted Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, K.C., the Common Serjeant, and Mr. Charles Mathews. This latter gentleman, however, nearly escaped the proffered honour, for, when the Lord Chamberlain called in a loud voice for Mr. Charles Williams, "no sich person" was forthcoming. The mistake was, however, discovered, and the knight-elect was hurriedly summoned from another part of the building, and the ceremony performed in a most informal manner at the foot of the Grand Staircase, which the King and Queen had just descended. Sir Charles Mathews is, of course, the son of the famous actor of that name.

* * *

Brigg

Conservatives have a real reason to be pleased with the result of the Brigg Election, though, perhaps, it is a little belated of me to say so. It is, of course, the first victory on a straight issue since the General Election, and the result looks to me like a very decisive condemnation, by an independent county electorate, of the Government after twelve months of office. If I may hazard an explanation of my own of the great overturn of votes, it is a very homely one. I venture to say that the oppressive clause of the Workmen's Compensation Act, which included domestic servants, and thus inflicted on the long-suffering householder yet another yearly tax—*i.e.* the insurance fee against liability for accidents—is the root-cause. Had the Act involved the householder only in liability for accidents directly due to the execution by the servant of his commands, we should not have quarrelled with it, neither would the average intelligent person. But the general liability of the employer for mishaps, whether or not the result of negligence on the part of the servant herself, is a pure oppression. The too-ready inclination of the Ministerial ear to the *mots d'ordre* of their working, rather than their middle-class, supporters may be very noble and very just. But, as Brigg has shown, it is a course as likely to be followed by retribution as sunrise is by sunset.

Photo *Russell*

The Victor of Brigg

Sir Berkeley Sheffield, M.P., who has scored the second victory for the Conservatives since the General Election, capturing the Brigg Division by a majority of 116

Photo *Bennett*

New Legal Knight: Sir Charles Mathews

Knighted by the King on the occasion of the opening of the "New Bailey" last Wednesday

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Do "Bulldogs" Wear "Bowlers"?

The publication of the third of our series of cartoons, entitled "The Modern Rake's Progress," in which is depicted the intervention of the Proctor and his "bulldogs" at a supper-party given by "The Rake" to a few of his undergraduate friends up at the 'Varsity, has elicited from a Cambridge undergraduate (who does not reveal his identity) a letter in which he takes our artist to task, politely but somewhat crushingly, for his ignorance in having portrayed one of the aforesaid "bulldogs" with a "bowler" hat on his head. The Cambridge "bulldog" (he is good enough to inform me) always wears the conventional "tile" hat when on duty. My critic obviously studies THE BYSTANDER carefully, and I am pleased to hear from him that he regards it as an excellent paper—which would account for his surprise at the mistake which he thinks he has discovered. I must remind him, however, that he has apparently forgotten the existence of a University called Oxford, where undergraduates likewise give supper-parties, which are likewise occasionally interrupted by the entrance of the Proctor and his myrmidons, and that the scene of this particular supper-party is supposed to be laid at Oxford—as the bulldog's head-covering, in fact, shows. Moreover, if he examines the picture still more closely he will find further internal evidence showing that Oxford is the scene of the revel. I cannot, of course, expect him to approve of the choice made by "the Rake's" father of a University for his son, but I can promise him that the course of events, as recorded by our artist, will show (if they have not already shown) that, had the choice fallen upon Cambridge, Cambridge would have had no special cause to be elated thereat.

At the risk of being tedious, may we AGAIN remind our readers (apropos of the wreck of the "Berlin"), that "THE BYSTANDER" is the ONLY Journal which insures its readers against

ACCIDENTS AT SEA (£1,000)

A Thrilling Moment

THE PASSING OF THE LAST DEATH SENTENCE AT THE OLD BAILEY

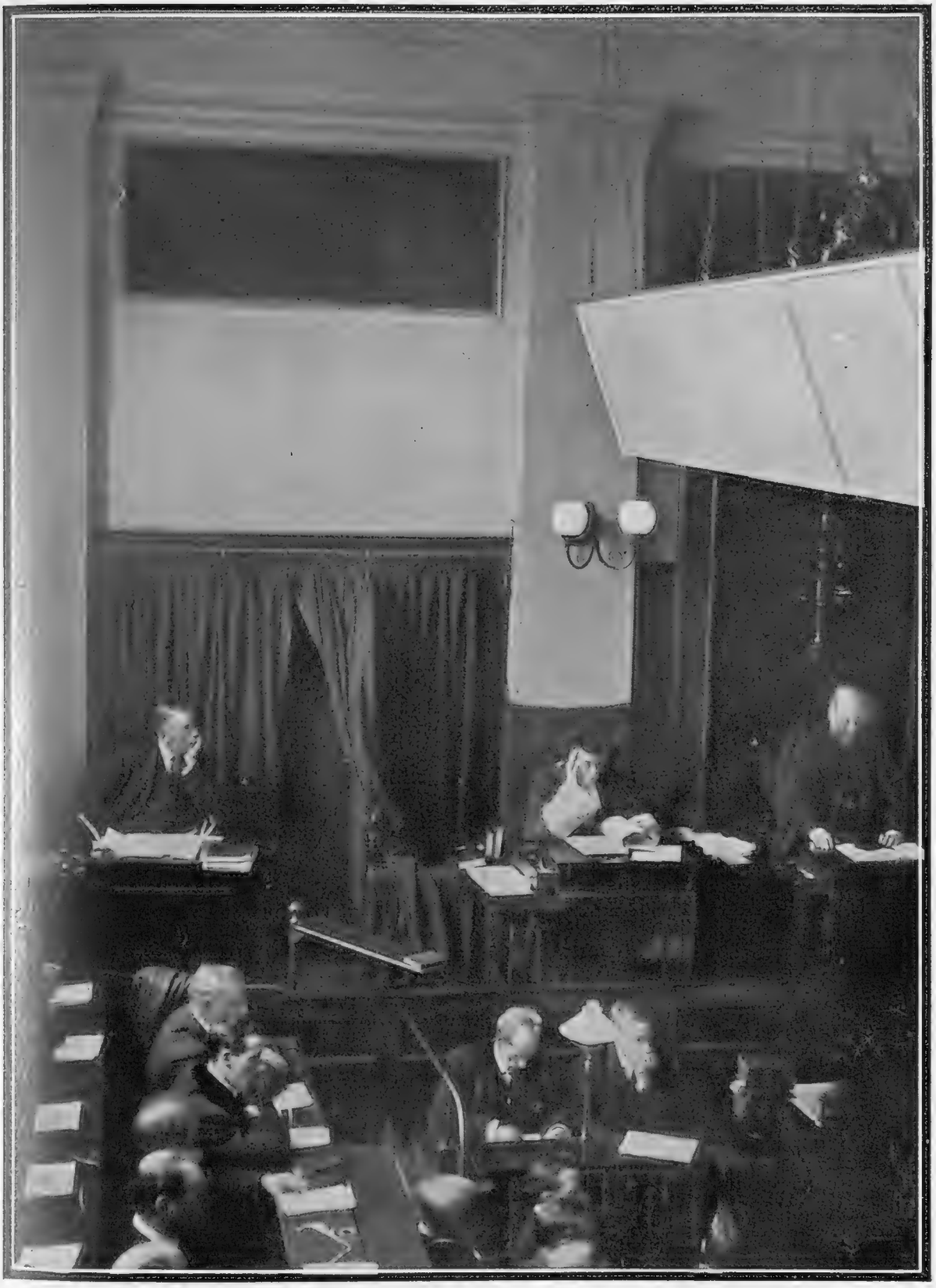

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Justice Ridley, wearing the fatal black cap, pronouncing the death sentence on J. E. Wyatt, last Thursday

Thursday was the last occasion on which the death sentence was pronounced at the Old Bailey, for the Central Criminal Court has now been removed to its magnificent new premises opened by the King last week. Wyatt was sentenced for the murder of his sweetheart at Brixton

RACING NOTIONS

THE SOLDIERS AT SANDOWN. By "CARBINE"

A Delightful Meeting

If we could always get our steeplechasing under such delightful conditions as prevailed at the Grand Military Meeting, what a world of difference it would make to the success of the winter racing season. The big crowd revelled in the bright sunshine that generously flooded the fine Sandown course and its pretty paddock. In brief, the whole scene was gay and animated and good to look upon. The soldiers devote themselves wholeheartedly to the success of their annual gathering, which loses nothing in popularity as the years roll on, and I am sure that the class of the horses and the standard of the horsemanship displayed on Friday and Saturday were quite as good as anything seen at previous military meetings. It has become rather a custom to sneer at the riding of the soldiers, but have Captain Rasbotham, Captain Stacpoole, Captain and Mr. de Crespigny, Mr. Tabor, and Mr. Bewicke very much to learn over a country? I think not. And for real pluck you could not have beaten the performance of Mr. A. Fitzgerald, who dislocated his knee while riding Sir Peter Walker's All Aboard in the Past and Present Steeplechase, yet stuck on bravely to the end, and beat Captain Denny on Savanaka in a good finish.

A "Certainty" That Came Off

Old Fairyhouse was written of in these pages last week as one of the rare certainties of steeplechasing, and his comfortable victory in the Gold Cup proved the accuracy of this view. Stay-at-home backers had nothing to complain of this time, as the starting-price of 3 to 1 was unexpectedly good. Yet at Sandown we were much puzzled as to what to make of the situation. Mr. Bewicke decided to start Bonar as well as Old Fairyhouse, concerning whose well-being there were some ugly rumours afloat, and one was as much backed as the other. The truth is that the last-named horse had recently been amiss, and Mr. Bewicke himself was very doubtful whether he would be seen at his best. He resolved that the pair should run on their merits, and that, I think, was his only way out of the difficulty. The policy worked out successfully, Old Fairyhouse, well-ridden by his owner, winning in impressive style by four lengths from Bonar, who had Captain Stacpoole in the saddle. The great disappointment of the race was the King's horse, Flaxman, who could never go the pace. I happen to know that the victor was certainly not at his fittest on Friday, whatever may be said to the contrary, and that makes his success all the more creditable.

How the Outsider Won

Saturday's crowd appeared to be as large as on the Gold Cup day, but backers did not come off nearly so well. The big hurdle race fell to an atrocious outsider, and the downfall of Bonar, Enceladus, and other favourites proved very expensive. John M.P., our selection for the Imperial Hurdle Race, looked well, and a couple of fences from home held a good place; but he was beaten for speed at the end, and his jockey did not ride him out for a place. Savernake was favourite, but the great "tip" was The Clown II., who, we were told, had been quietly saved for this. And Mr. Heasman's horse nearly brought off the *coup*, the only obstacle being Carnegie, a 20 to 1 chance who surprised everyone, including those associated with his own stable, who had hardly a shilling on him, by the easy way in which he cut down his field at the finish. I thought Simonson ran extremely well, and this young horse will be well worth following.

National and Lincoln

There have been some changes in the Grand National outlook during the past few days. Quite a Red Lad scare was provoked by the disturbing news of an accident to the horse, and it is certain that something is wrong with him. Wolf's Folly, of whose good National prospects I have previously written, added considerably to his reputation by his notable success at Sandown on Thursday, while on the preceding day Oatlands came out in the light of a new champion. Now that Red Lad is under a cloud, I think **Wolf's Folly** is the best thing for the National, but I have still hopes of Mr. Hibbert's horse. Aunt May, unfortunately, has been struck out of the race. Mr. J. B. Joel is to be thanked for scratching Dean Swift and Prince William out of the Lincoln in good time, and this incident shows how much reliance is to be placed in the betting quotations which have appeared for some weeks past, both horses having been frequently mentioned. I see no reason to modify the good opinion I have already expressed of Lovania, but it is still undecided as to whether Kaffir Chief or Cyclops Too shall represent Chaloner's stable.

This Week's Selections

Some of the best racing of the present week will be seen at Hooton Park on Friday and Saturday. On the first day **Seisdon Prince** should win the Great Cheshire Steeplechase and **Wild Aster** the Rossmore Welter; while on the second day I think the Hooton Park Hurdle Race will be taken by **Roseate Dawn** or **Crathorne**.

Bookmakers and the Public

The near approach of the fair-racing season and the big spring handicaps reminds us of the frequent little differences which arise between backers and their bookmakers. One accountant will fix an arbitrary limit as to the time of receiving bets; another will refuse to pay out beyond a certain rate of odds at starting-price. The most successful bookmakers are those who meet their clients in the fairest spirit, and it is, undoubtedly, because he has always had this object in view that Mr. D. M. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, W., has been able to build up the extensive business which he now controls.

The "Grand Military"

STEEPLECHASING FOR THE GOLD CUP AT SANDOWN

The Winner of the Gold Cup

Mr. Calverley Bewicke's Old Fairyhouse. Mr. Bewicke is also the owner of Bonar, who came in second

Clearing the Last Fence

Bonar (second) and Alert III. (third) finishing for the Gold Cup. A close and exciting contest

CONTINENTAL CHAT

A Bright Side of the "Berlin" Disaster

Dreadful though the wreck of the *Berlin* off the Hook of Holland was, it has had a brighter side, inasmuch as it is directly responsible for an entire "right-about" of the feeling the Dutch nation has hitherto felt towards their Queen's Consort, Prince Henry. The rescue of eleven of the ill-fated boat's passengers is almost entirely due to his energy and encouragement, and he himself behaved with the greatest personal heroism. On landing, after his first attempt to reach the wreck, seeing that there were still some survivors, he said: "We will not go back to the Hague without saving them. They *must* be got off somehow." As everyone now knows, this was ultimately accomplished; and he was accompanied to his palace by a crowd and cheered for the first time since his arrival in Holland. The Queen was so proud and delighted, that she went on to the balcony of her palace and thanked the people. King Edward, with the tact for which he is so well known, has paid not only the Prince, but the whole nation a graceful compliment in conferring on Prince Henry the Grand Cross of the Bath.

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A Rumour Denied

For some time past Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has been the subject of pity she does not in the least require. Curiously enough, it is to Germany that we are indebted for the rumours of her unhappy marriage. Thanks to the Fatherland, Prince Henry has been regarded as little short of an ogre, whom the Queen is shortly to divorce in favour of Prince Henry XXXI. of Reuss. As a matter of fact, Wilhelmina simply dotes on her husband. They are nearly always to be seen together, except when she is busy with her Ministers, as she has been lately, trying, it is said, to get the great Dr. Kuyper back as Prime Minister. She generally refuses to be photographed without the Prince, and this has given the German cartoonists opportunities for depicting the "Beauty and the Beast" or "Titania and Bottom." For his sins of omission and commission, she always has an excuse ready. His attempts at speaking Dutch are not so happy as they should be, considering the pains his wife has taken to teach him, but "you see," she says, "it is a difficult language to learn."

Prince Henry of the Netherlands

The Consort of Queen Wilhelmina, on whom, in recognition of his gallantry and assistance in saving some of the passengers from the *Berlin*, the King has just conferred the Grand Cross of the Bath. The reports of his contemplated divorce from his wife are totally unfounded

* * *

Prince Henry XXXI. of Reuss

Prince Henry XXXI. of Reuss, with whom Queen Wilhelmina's name has been so erroneously coupled, is stout, good-looking, and rather stupid. For some time he was in the German Embassy at Copenhagen, but is now first Secretary in Paris. As he is not very likely ever to make any career for himself, he possibly would not have refused to become the Queen's Consort, had the opportunity presented itself. Two other Princes whose names have been mentioned as possible husbands are Henry XXXII. and Henry XXXIII., sons of Henry VII., a distinguished diplomat, who died last year. Prince Henry XXXIII. is by far the most intelligent member of the Reuss family, and passed a brilliant doctorate at the Heidelberg University. Although he looks serious, there is plenty of fun in him, and there were few students' frolics in which he did not take part. He is good-looking, has agreeable manners, paints like an artist, and on leaving the University he was appointed secretary to Prince von Bülow. His mother being a Saxe-Weimar, he is related to the Kaiser, and there are few of the German Royal families who are not in some way connected with the Reuss. Meeting a lady who had practically spent her life at the Dutch Court, I asked her if there was any truth in these rumours. "There is absolutely no question of divorce," she most emphatically asserted; "it is not impossible for the Queen to have an heir, nor is it just to blame her Consort for all the trouble that has fallen to her lot."

* * *

The Prince Consort and His Wife

Although the tide has now turned in his favour, it is perfectly true, however, that Prince Henry for

The Paradise of the Pyrenees

Vernet-les-Bains: A glimpse of the town from the park

One of the coming resorts, both for health and pleasure, is Vernet-les-Bains, a little town in the South of France. Situated over 2,000 ft. above the sea level, on the most eastern spur of the Pyrenees, its climate is almost ideal, as it is completely sheltered from winds from the cold quarters, while its sulphur baths draw many victims of rheumatism and kindred ills

some time past has been by no means popular in Holland. No one would accuse him of being intelligent; and perhaps that is just as well, considering the derogatory position he is called upon to occupy. If ever a rôle was difficult to play, it must be that of a Prince Consort, and it needs a certain amount of courage to make this public declaration of inferiority to one's wife. Nevertheless, the Queen-Mother expected all the important Princes of Europe to fall at her daughter's feet, and great was her disappointment when no one came, and she was obliged to make the matrimonial overtures herself. The Queen, however, chose her own husband. It was a love match on both sides, but especially on hers, and I am quite convinced she would leave her kingdom rather than her husband.

Queen Wilhelmina is the most loving and devoted of wives, provided she is not thwarted. From her infancy she was determined and haughty, and always knew what it meant to be "Royal." One day, it is said, when one of her Professors was giving her a lesson, he took up a gold pencil belonging to the Queen to illustrate a certain point. The Queen was indignant, and declared nothing would induce her to use the pencil again after he had touched it.

Early, too, she learnt the importance of her kingdom. Her governess once asked her to draw the maps of England and Holland on the same page. She made Holland just ten times the size of England!

* * *

A Domineering Queen

Although the Prince Consort is the Queen's first thought, she will never allow him to make observations to her. When she was in a very critical state of health, he begged her, for the sake of the nation, to take care of herself. "He *ordered* her," if she went out, to drive in a Victoria, so she deliberately chose a dog-cart. On their return, again he ordered her to wait till he could lift her out, but she, wishing to show him for always that she was Queen, jumped out, and with what consequences it is only too well known. Prince Henry's unpopularity is generally attributed to his love of things German—quite a good quality, considering the affection is not reciprocated. Nobody could tell you too clearly why, perhaps, Germany still blushes for the monstrous acts he committed as a boy; or, like the Dutch, they may have been disappointed at the marriage, having made up their minds it was the elder brother who was to wed the Queen. Prince Henry's brother is intelligent, or rather brilliant, and very good-looking, whereas poor Prince Henry must have been far away when the goddess of good looks was distributing her wares; in a uniform he looks less coarse, but even then he cannot hide the white brows and lashes which always tend to accentuate a lack of intelligence. Dressed in shooting clothes, however, no one would suppose him not to be a peasant. Court life has little charm for Prince Henry; in fact, it bores him to an extreme, especially life at the Dutch Court. In the reign of William III. many things had taken place that would not bear mentioning, conduct that would have made great William I. groan in his grave. Wilhelmina and her mother determined that they would change all this, and nothing *à côté* is ever tolerated by them. To have the most respectable Court in Europe was their wish, and it has been gratified.

* * *

No Dancing Allowed!

Although quite a number of balls are given at the Court, Wilhelmina's idea of queenly dignity is so great that she will never dance, nor will she allow her Consort to do so. No wonder the poor man detests the Hague! What is there for him to do? Both of them dislike music and the theatre, although they sacrifice themselves frequently to encourage the Arts. Neither of them paint. While, therefore, the Queen reads and studies, for she is quite *au courant*, not only with her own State affairs, but with the politics of Europe, the Prince wonders how the time will pass until they go back to the country. Nine months out of the twelve the Queen leaves the Hague so that her husband may shoot, and this is the reason why her people see her so little.

Although the Prince has never been allowed to have any political rôle, his wife has given him *carte blanche* as far as hunting and shooting are concerned. His first act, then, was to dismiss all the Dutch foresters and give the posts to Germans, and, although it is an established fact that Germans are the best foresters in the world, the nation has never forgiven him.

* * *

Queen Wilhelmina's Popularity

In spite of the fact that the Queen is cold and reserved, except to her ladies-in-waiting and those in her immediate *entourage*, she is very popular. Every time she leaves her palace there are crowds to see her, and greet her with loud cheers—cheers that come from the heart. But is it to the Queen herself they wish to pay homage? Is it not rather to the descendant of the noble and illustrious "Taciturn," father of the land, founder of their liberty? The Queen will never be loved as her mother, Emma, is loved, for she has not the same sweet nature. The Queen-Mother's life-work has been to bring up her child, and, like the Queen-Mother of Spain and the Duchess of Kent, she has had her reward. Early she taught her to value her responsibilities, gave her deep religious convictions, protected her, as far as possible, from flattery, and struggled with her strong will.

* * *

Vernet-les-Bains

One of the coming Continental resorts is Vernet-les-Bains, near Perpignan, a little town situated a few miles from the Spanish frontier, at the eastern extremity of the Pyrenees. Though it is situated 2,035 ft. above the sea level, the climate is most mild and pleasant, and wet or cloudy days are remarkably few, while the surrounding mountains effectively screen it from all the cold winds. For those suffering from rheumatism, gout, affections of the nose or throat, its sulphur baths are most efficacious, and these can be taken all through the year. The mountain scenery in the neighbourhood is of the grandest description, and those energetically minded can indulge in pheasant and wild boar shooting, while trout are numerous in the neighbouring streams and rivers. Being further South than the Riviera, on high but sheltered ground, this spot can certainly claim to be the Paradise of the Pyrenees.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The Duke of Westminster as M.F.H.

Joy reigns among the followers of the Cheshire Hounds. For some years past they have been hoping that the Duke of Westminster would be induced to take over the pack when an opportunity presented itself. Their hope has materialised. The opportunity came with the regretted resignation of Mr. Hubert Wilson, and the Duke has accepted the vacant Mastership. All things, therefore, are well in this pleasant hunting district, where the new M.F.H. is the greatest landowner and quite the most important personage from the social standpoint. He is the sort of leader which every Hunt would like to possess, and we have to add to the advantages already mentioned that the Duke of Westminster is as keen as can be about fox-hunting. A day with the hounds is of undiluted enjoyment for the young sportsman, and he rides so well that there is no fear that he will not be in the right place when he takes over the active duties of Mastership. His grandfather, whom he succeeded in the title and estates, hunted the same pack nearly fifty years ago, so that the recently elected M.F.H. has hereditary as well as other qualifications for his new position. The Duchess is equally as fond of fox-hunting, and there are few ladies who can beat her over the grass in Cheshire, where the pastures are mostly split up into small dairy-farm enclosures, necessitating a great deal of jumping in and out.

Mr. H. R. Corbet's Hounds

The satisfaction which has been caused by the Duke of Westminster's acceptance of the leadership is coupled with some regret on the Southern side of the country, because the new arrangement entails the abandonment of the South Cheshire Hounds, with which Mr. Reggie Corbet has made a high reputation as amateur huntsman. Years ago the country was divided into

The Cheshire Hunt and its new M.F.H., the Duke of Westminster, who is standing on the right

The appointment of the Duke of Westminster to the Mastership of the Cheshire Hounds is a most popular one. Both he and his wife, who is just behind her husband in the photograph, have always been keen followers. The Duke's grandfather was Master of the Cheshire some fifty years ago

North and South to promote smoother working, both packs drawing upon a common fund and having one Committee. Now that the Duke of Westminster is ready to maintain the parent pack on a grander scale than hitherto, it is considered expedient to go back to the old methods. The Duke will hunt the united country five days a week, and I think we shall find that no side of the country will be in any way neglected while he is in office. In Champion he has a first-class huntsman, and I am told that Lord Cholmondeley will give him a hand as Field Master when required. The list of hounds will not suffer by the disappearance of the South Cheshire Hounds, as arrangements are being made for the establishment of a new pack on the borders of the Ledbury country, with Mr. W. Gordon Canning as Master.

The Ex-M.F.H. of the Whaddon

Our pictures of the happy little ceremony which recently took place at Whitchurch will be interesting to everyone who has hunted in the Vale of Aylesbury. Some weeks previously the farmers had done honour to the ex-Master, Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, sen., and now it was the turn of the subscribers to show their regard. The testimonial, which took the form of a silver cup, was handed to the veteran sportsman, on behalf of the subscribers, by Lord Orkney. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild made a few well-chosen remarks, and it was appropriate that his voice should be heard at the gathering, for he and Mr. Selby Lowndes have ridden side by side in many a stirring gallop with the Whaddon Chase. The greater part of the Vale of Aylesbury belongs to the houses of Selby Lowndes and Rothschild, and their names have always been linked very pleasantly together in the minds of hunting people. The Lowndes have provided an unbroken succession of Masters for the foxhounds, while the Rothschilds for many years have hunted the staghounds.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Marchioness of Headfort

Who entertained a large party for the Meath Hunt Ball which took place at Kells recently. She and her husband are now in London, an unusual occurrence, as they both dislike Town life

Recent Hunting

The disappearance of the frost has made hunting possible once more, and the fields with all the fashionable packs have been exceedingly large. Everybody seems to be anxious to make up for the valuable time lost during January and February. Many of us resumed hunting with horses unduly sleek and fat, owing to the impossibility since Christmas of giving them enough work to keep them in hard condition; and it may safely be predicted that the crowd in the New Forest at the end of April will be much larger than usual, owing to the unsatisfactory character of the hunting in the Shires and elsewhere this season. There have been some enormous musters with the Cottesmore and Quorn during the past few weeks, and outside of Leicestershire the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds have perhaps attracted the largest fields. An assembly of 300 horsemen is by no means an exceptional event in the Badminton country, and in the Midland district the fields are occasionally over 400 strong.

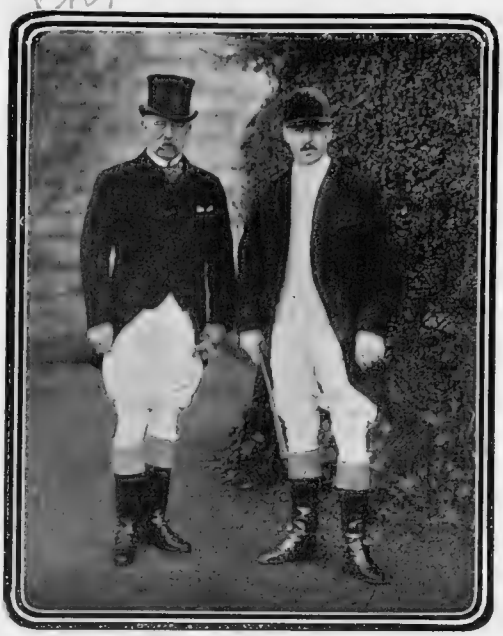
Some Memorable Meets

This gives rise to the question as to which meet of hounds can claim to have attracted the biggest field in the history of hunting. The query requires a good deal of answering, and will probably bring forth a flood of recollections of great musters of hunting folk to followers of various popular packs. Personally, I recall the occasion on which the Prince of Wales rode with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds a season or two back as one of the most notable in this direction. Indeed, the presence of Royalty at the meet has always been an unfailing attraction. It is recorded that in a provincial country like the West Norfolk, between 1,500 and 2,000 followers assembled when our present Sovereign attended a meet of the pack at Snettisham Hall in 1863. In a subsequent gallop the then Prince of Wales rode very prominently, and when the fox was killed His Royal Highness was presented with the brush by Mr. Villebois. With the Pytchley Hounds, not long afterwards, there was a crowd of about 2,000 when the Prince was present; but, perhaps, the meet which will be most readily recalled by King Edward was that of the Quorn at Baggrave Hall in March, 1871. General Burnaby entertained the company on that occasion to a hunt breakfast, and the vast field rode through a triumphal arch at the entrance to the park, on which were inscribed the names of all the Masters of the Quorn Hounds. The event is further memorable from the fact that his distinguished visitor sowed for General Burnaby the first seeds of that stronghold of foxes which is now so well known as the Prince of Wales's Gorse.

Honour to a Great Fox-hunter

But it is doubtful whether any of the brilliant meets just alluded to surpassed in magnificence that extraordinary gathering of sportsmen which assembled to do honour to Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, the foremost fox-hunter of his time, at Rolleston, on March 20, 1840. More than twenty years previously Mr. Smith had given up his hounds in Leicestershire to form his new Tedworth country, and on the date mentioned he had accepted an invitation to bring his pack into his old dominions once more.

There was a remarkable scene at the meet, the 2,000 horsemen who rode to Rolleston including nearly all the best-known hunting-men of the period. "Cold must have been the heart," wrote Sir J. Eardley-Wilmot, in describing the event, "of him who could behold without emotion the crowds of grey-headed horsemen hurrying forward to shake hands with their old friend and fellow-sportsman, each calling vividly to memory some scene where he had acted the most conspicuous part." It was in every sense a proud day for Assheton Smith, and probably no Master of Hounds ever received a greater compliment.



Two Masters of the Whaddon Chase

Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, Sen. (*on the left*), recently resigned the Mastership of the Whaddon Chase, which has been taken over by his son, Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, Jun. (*on the right*). The late Master was recently presented with a testimonial by the Hunt subscribers

The Horse Shows at Islington

Last week the show of Shire horses at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, proved completely successful, and the winners of the championship prizes were magnificent specimens of this picturesque and highly valuable breed. At first glance it would seem that the increasing popularity of motor traction for agricultural and heavy draught purposes must inevitably affect the prosperity of the Shire horse, but no doubt a place will always be found for an animal possessing such vast concentrated power and ready and economical adaptability. Certainly the day of the passing of the Shire horse is not yet, and farmers still find it profitable to breed him. On the authority of Sir Albert Muntz we have it that at no period in our history have good, sound, weighty working horses commanded a better price than at present. This week the Shire has given way at Islington to the Hackney, who, in spite of his many detractors, continues to flourish in the land. For harness work the Hackney has all the requisite style, grace, and action, and so long as he is kept in this particular sphere his qualifications are undeniable. But the attempt to introduce the blood into hunter-breeding is a complete mistake.

A. W. C.

Photos *Newman*

The Whaddon Chase: Mr. Leopold de Rothschild speaking at the presentation to the late M.F.H.

In recognition of the services of Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, Sen., the late M.F.H. of the Whaddon Chase, he was presented with a testimonial, in the form of a silver cup, by Lord Orkney, on behalf of the subscribers. For the last hundred years the Lowndes family have provided an unbroken succession of Masters to the Hunt

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN R

SCENE THE FIFTH

The Gilded Youth entertains a little theatrical in celebration of his engagement to an "extra

AKE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

party at supper in the restaurant of the hour
lady" at one of the musical-comedy theatres

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY.—NO. 64

A COURT DILEMMA

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

"MY dear Lady Fannie," said Sir George Dumaresq, "you are in a very difficult and delicate position, or I shouldn't have come at this unconventional hour to tell you privately what you ought only to learn officially. I am breaking an unwritten law."

Lady Frances Musgrave nodded. "Thou shalt not pay calls before breakfast," she said, smiling.

"It's not that," he answered. "I mean that what passes in the Lord Chamberlain's office is a State secret. I have given one away to you because——"

"Because?" she queried.

"Well, that is an old story," he said. "I haven't changed since the day you found out I was an old fool, and sent me about my business. That was just two months before you married Musgrave."

"And he was older than you," she said. "I thought it so romantic for a girl of seventeen, as I was then, to marry a bookworm more than twice her age. Besides, everyone advised me against it, so what could I do? But let us return to our sheep—our poor little black sheep, Mrs. Carshalton. Why would her presentation be refused?"

"At any moment it might have to be cancelled," he said, "and that would involve you."

"You mean that I should not be received at Court again?" she asked astonished.

"You could scarcely feign ignorance of Mrs. Carshalton's reputation," he replied. "It is not a thing of the future, but of the past and present; therefore, in presenting her, you would be considered responsible."

"I know she is barred by some people," said Lady Fannie, "but I am sorry for her. It was the breach of promise case that made people drop her. After all, why shouldn't a woman protect herself if a man treats her badly? Lord Merrowby threw her over at the last moment, and didn't attempt to defend himself. He paid the damages without a murmur. I rather admire her for having had the pluck to make him; and I thought that an appearance at Court would whitewash her once and for all."

Sir George shook his head.

"There are some people one can't whitewash; even the best Court plaster will not stick. I see I must tell you the whole truth, Lady Fannie — in confidence be it understood. Mrs. Carshalton was not a widow at the time she brought that case."

"Not a widow?" Lady Fannie exclaimed, incredulously. "But her husband——"

"Is still alive," said Sir George, quietly, "and will remain with the submerged tenth only so long as she gives him a good allowance."

"Then Lord Merrowby knew?"

"He found out just in time. He was too fond of her to give her away. He preferred to pay the piper. But, you see, Mr. Carshalton may crop up some day and—it would have been wise of Mrs. Carshalton not to risk any *éclat*."

"It is a real shock to me," murmured Lady Fannie, "but what am I to do? I can't refuse to present her, and give her no reason. I must stay away."

"That would be a mistake."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Carshalton is a dangerous woman. If you stopped away, she might say——"

"What?"

"Well, I should be careful with her," he answered, evasively.

"You must tell me, Sir George."

He took her hand and led her to the mirror. "There is your answer."

"Don't be absurd. What do you mean?"

"You are young, pretty, fascinating, popular; with a husband in the background and admirers in the foreground. What do you expect people to say?"

Lady Fannie sighed. "I have as many women friends as men," she said, "and I separated quite respectably from Howell, simply for temperamental reasons. Besides, that was many years ago, and the name of my admirers, as you call them, is legion. There is safety in plurality."

"Quite so." He hesitated, then added: "How about Mr. Claude Mallinger?"

"That child! I am mothering him through his first season."

"He is well grown and intelligent for his age, which is——"

"Ridiculous."

"Yes, I know," assented Sir George, "but the world is not so charitable to an attractive woman. Mrs. Carshalton is skilful at embroidery, I am told."

"You actually think, then," said Lady Fannie, "that it might do me harm to stay away from Court—or to go without her and tell her why?"

"I am sure of it. Lady Fannie, will you let me speak quite openly?"

"Please do." Her lips were grave.

"Suppose that you told Mrs. Carshalton you are presenting someone else, and only wish to make one presentation this time?"

"But who? There isn't anyone else—at least, I can't find anyone at a moment's notice."

"There is one person," he said, slowly, "whose claim would come so obviously first that there would be nothing strange in the Lord Chamberlain's eyes or Mrs. Carshalton's, if you preferred it to hers."

Lady Fannie stared at him. "Whose? What *do* you mean?"

"Your daughter's," he answered.

"My daughter's," she repeated, amazed; "but she is a child. She has never seen me since she was a baby. She lives with her father. I agreed to that, and promised not to interfere until she was grown up."

"She must be eighteen," said Sir George. "As old as you were when she was born."

Lady Fannie was silent. "So she must," she said, after a pause; "I never realised it."

"She is old enough to go to Court," he continued, "and it would be the very best solution of the difficulty. It came as an inspiration."

"It's the wildest idea I ever heard of," objected Lady Fannie. "It's not feasible, Sir George.

(Continued on page 502)

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"Amāsis" on Tour

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Constance Drever, who is playing the title-rôle of "Amāsis" on tour

Her first success on the London comic-opera stage was as the heroine in the *Princess of Kensington*, a performance which elicited an ovation. She has also sung with great success on various concert platforms

(*Continued from page 500*)

I should have to be introduced to her before I could introduce her." She laughed awkwardly. "I should have to explain things to Howell—to ask a favour of him."

"Howell wasn't a difficult fellow when I knew him," commented Sir George.

"But," she said, "we do so well as we are; I in Town, he in his Devonshire cottage. If I make any move in his direction, he may think that—that I want to begin over again."

"Well?"

"I may find myself compromised, as it were."

"Well?"

She gave him an impatient look. "I had no idea you were so sympathetic with my husband."

"I am an old fool still," he said, "with more experience and more philosophy. I would rather you compromised yourself with your husband than with any other man."

"Sir George!"

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "You gave me leave to speak plainly. Why not drop Mrs. Carshalton, civilly, but firmly; send Mr. Claude Mallinger back to his country nursery; and fetch your little daughter up here to chaperon you for a time? The chief is away, and I am in charge, so I can delay matters for a day or two."

He shook hands, and had reached the door when it opened to admit a new visitor, who started back with an affectation of dismay. "Fannie! I'm so sorry. I had no idea anyone was here. I thought it was too early for visitors."

"Sir George is a privileged old friend," said Lady Fannie. "You know each other already I think. Sir George Dumaresq—Mrs. Carshalton."

Mrs. Carshalton's brown eyes held an eager question, and she was on her guard at once.

"You are a very interesting person to me just now, Sir George," she said, with a demure smile on a pretty mouth.

Sir George murmured something vaguely complimentary about his good fortune.

"You can tell me something I want to know," she continued—"the date of the first Court after Easter."

"That is not settled yet—officially," he said, and with a bow passed on, closing the door behind him.

"Mysterious!" commented Mrs. Carshalton. "I have just been ordering my dress, Fannie—chiffon velvet and Venetian lace. It is going to be a dream."

"Is it?" asked Lady Fannie, absently.

"Why, of course, you don't doubt it?"

"No, no; I am sure it will be a dream, as you say. Only isn't it a little—premature? The presentations are to be very limited this year, so it is just possible——"

"Possible for you to be refused, Fannie?" Mrs. Carshalton interrupted vehemently. "In the name of all that is scandalous—why?"

"I don't say refused," answered Lady Fannie, "postponed perhaps. I sent in our names a little late."

The brown eyes looked ingenuously into hers. "Did Sir George say so?"

"No, no, he didn't say so."

"It would be very unfortunate," said Mrs. Carshalton slowly, "for both of us. It would look so odd now that all our friends know we are going. But I am sure Sir George can manage it—for your sake, Fannie."

There was a little touch of unpleasantness in the inflection of her voice. Lady Fannie did not reply at once. Then she yielded, as had always been her fashion, to the impulse of the moment.

"I am going to be frank with you, Mary," she said. "I have changed my mind about going to Court this year. I want you to let me off."

"To let you off?" Mrs. Carshalton's tone betrayed many emotions, carefully kept under control.

"I think it is my duty," said Lady Fannie, hardily, "to wait until next year, when—when I may be obliged to go."

"Of course," said Mrs. Carshalton, in a level voice, "I cannot expect the claims of friendship to interfere with your duty. But I shall have to see about getting someone else. So—forgive me if I leave you now."

And, without another word, she took her departure.

Late that afternoon, when Lady Fannie was still vacillating as to what she would or would not do, Claude Mallinger came in, his handsome young face clouded.

"Look here, Lady Fannie," he began, "I have just had a new sensation—being cut. I passed the Duchess of Perth within a yard, at Prince's, and she looked over my head. Reggie Hume was there, and he says it's all come out about her dinner. Mrs. Carshalton has split on us."

"Do you mean to say, you wretched boy, that the Duchess of Perth knows that you and I were stranded in a motor at Guildford, at the very moment when we ought to have arrived at Caledonia House?"

"She knows, and she won't believe it was an accident. She thinks we did it deliberately; tried to make a bolt of it and only returned because the motor broke down."

"The most exclusive Duchess we have," said Lady Fannie, thoughtfully, "and very fond of weeding her visitors' list. Claude, I must go down to Devonshire to-morrow. You had better return home and see if 'the only girl,' as you call her, has missed you sufficiently to realise that she cares for you—as I am quite sure she does really."

"But she does not live near my people," he said; "she lives in Devonshire. And, Lady Fannie, I have something to tell you about her that you don't know yet."

"Tell me another time," she said. "Meanwhile, I must collect my thoughts and pack up."

So that next day Mrs. Carshalton had a new *motif* to add to her embroidery: the discovery that Lady Frances Musgrave and Claude Mallinger had left Town together. Indeed, she wove such a web of fact and fancy during their absence, that in three days it was already whispered that a new smart scandal was about to leaven the dulness of approaching Lent.

Lady Frances Musgrave had been refused an invitation to Court owing to her separation from her husband and the advantage she had taken of it. Sir George Dumaresq was powerless to use his influence in the matter, and, moreover, unwilling to do so because of his jealousy concerning Claude Mallinger, Lady Fannie's travelling companion. These were the rumours that reached the Duchess of Perth's ears on the evening of the great Charity Ball at Claridge's at which she had just arrived, in her capacity of President of the Ladies' Committee.

"It is very awkward," she said to the Duke, as they stood in the reception-room, awaiting the arrival of the Royal party. "I wish Lady Frances had not 'skidded' until after to-night. She is one of my patronesses, and if she comes I shall be obliged to ignore her; and I shall not include her at our supper-table. I can't allow my name to be mixed up in anything of this sort. Sir George and Mr. Mallinger are both Stewards. It will be very bad taste if they all appear here together."

(*Continued on page 504*)

Sheridan's Little Love Affairs

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Alexandra Carlisle

Who, in *Mr. Sheridan*, the new play by Miss Gladys Unger (produced to-day, Wednesday, at the Garrick), will play the part of Esther Ogle. Miss Carlisle made a great hit in the *Morals of Marcus*, her first London success

(*Continued from page 502*)

But the next moment this very catastrophe happened. Mrs. Carshalton, in the background, witnessed the scene of Lady Fannie's downfall with a sense of satisfied triumph that consoled her for her own failure in the attempt to scale Society's ramparts.

The Duchess of Perth extended the tips of her fingers, made no response at all to Lady Fannie's greeting, and, with a cold bow that included the whole little group, turned her shoulder on them.

Lady Fannie lifted her eyebrows and smiled at Sir George. "You were right," she said. "It is amusing; is it not?"

But the girl following her raised lovely indignant eyes, and said: "Mother, how dare that woman be so rude to you? Please tell everyone about Claude and me; please let them all know how mistaken they are."

"All in good time, Hesper," said Lady Fannie. "Wait until the Princess comes."

"How did you manage it all?" asked Sir George, as they passed on. "The little daughter does credit to your husband's bringing-up. She is beautiful—a second edition of her mother—and she carries herself splendidly."

"Howell was a little difficult at first," Lady Fannie answered, "but Hesper herself decided in my favour. I went down to fetch her for my own sake—but as soon as I saw her I—well, I found I had a whole mine of undiscovered emotion in me, Sir George. I feel as if I shall never be able to part with her again. Yet I shall have to."

"She has to go back to her father?"

"No. Can't you guess?"

Sir George looked at the two smiling handsome young faces. "Why, you don't mean to say——?" he began.

"But I do," Lady Fannie rejoined. "Claude has been in love with her for a year. She was the object of all his confidences to me—only I had no idea until now it was my own daughter. I am more glad than ever that I shielded him from all the matchmaking mothers who were bent on his conquest."

"We appear to be rather unpopular to-night," said Sir George. "People do not seem keen to recognise us."

For there was a marked disposition on the part of everyone to avoid Lady Fannie and her two squires, and many disparaging whispers were made about her, interspersed with surmises as to the girl whom she had had the temerity to chaperon on such an occasion.

But presently a murmur of expectation heralded the event of the evening, and a line was formed down the centre of the room, leaving a clear pathway for the Princess, who was escorted by the Duke of Perth, while the Duchess followed with the Prince.

Lady Fannie was just dipping in a curtsey, when the Princess stopped and extended her hand.

"I am so glad to see you, Lady Frances Musgrave," she said; "it is quite a long time since we have met. I think the last occasion was at a ball also."

Lady Fannie assented.

"Is this your daughter?" asked the Princess, graciously, looking at the girl with the beautiful eyes. "She is very like you. Won't you present her to me?"

And as Hesper curtsied, Lady Fannie said:

"This is her *début*. She has lived with her father, in the country, until now, but as she is already engaged, we thought it was time that she should come out."

"And you are bringing her to a Court?" inquired Her Royal Highness.

"I have just had the pleasure of forwarding their invitation cards," chimed in Sir George.

"May I ask the name of her *fiancé?*" the Princess said, looking with a smile at Claude. "Is this the fortunate man?"

And Claude Mallinger was presented in his turn.

"We shall meet again at supper, no doubt," the Princess said, glancing at the Duchess for corroboration.

The Duchess, disconcerted for the first time in her life, could only reply: "Certainly, ma'am," adding, to one of the stewards, as the Princess continued on her way: "See that places are arranged for four—Lady Frances and her party."

But it was at the moment of supper that the apotheosis of Lady Fannie was completed. As the Prince was about to pass into the supper-room, he caught sight of a tall, distinguished-looking, elderly man, and paused, saying to his equerry: "Remind me of that gentleman's name. I know his face well."

"It is Professor Howell Musgrave," rejoined the equerry. "You have not seen him for many years, sir, but he taught you botany at one time."

"Of course," said the Prince. "Ask him to come and talk to me. Why, Professor," he continued, as Mr. Musgrave approached, "I did not know that balls were in your line."

"They are not," admitted the Professor, "but my wife and daughter are here, and I am looking for them."

"You will find them at supper," said the Prince. "Come and join them." And together they passed up the long table.

There was an odd look on Lady Fannie's face when she saw her husband, but she merely made a gesture of recognition, and a place was found for him next to Hesper.

Later, however, when the re-establishment of Lady Fannie as a Queen of Society was assured, the Professor sought her out, and said gently, "I think I must be going, Frances. Late hours and festivities are not in my line, as you know."

"Why did you come up, Howell?" she asked. "Was it on Hesper's account? Were you afraid that I——"

"I came up on your account," he interposed. "I gathered, from what you said, that there was the chance of some unpleasantness for you, and I thought my presence might be useful to you, even if—unwelcome."

"Where are you staying?" she said.

"At the Carlton."

It was her turn to interrupt. "Won't you come and stay with us?" Her voice was so low that he had to stoop down to catch the words.

"It would not be wise to ask me," he answered. "I might perhaps be disinclined to go away if—I mean, when the time came."

There was a pause, and then Lady Fannie said: "Need the time come? I have been very lonely, Howell, and—and I shall be lonelier still when the child goes away to her own new home. Couldn't we——?"

"Frances," he whispered, "don't say anything on the impulse of the moment that you will afterwards regret. Better let me go back to my country solitude. It hurt very much before—much more than you knew. But I think the hurt would be worse this time."

"Howell," she said, "won't you stay a little while with me and take me back with you when you go? I am tired of my own way, dear. I find I want yours now."

She rose and slipped her hand into his arm.

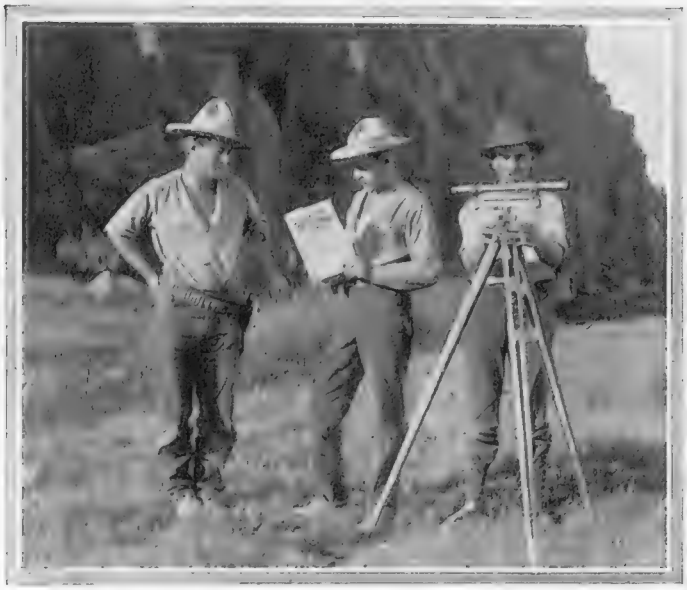
"Let us find Hesper and Claude," she said, "and go—home."

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

From Sunny Climes

"BYSTANDER" READERS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA

(4) Pol.



In an Arid Californian Desert

The sender, Mr. ROGER LAURENCE, Camp 4, L.A.A. Survey, Mojave, California, writes: "This photograph was taken in the Mojave Desert, California. The cliffs in the background are composed of lava. The nearest water is situated 20 miles away, and we are surveying a line across the desert for an aqueduct 240 miles long to bring water from the Sierras to the city of Los Angeles"

(Half a guinea is paid for each photograph published on this page of readers in out-of-the-way regions

"The Bystander" in Gujerat

The reader is seated under a mango tree on the banks of a miniature lake in the public park in Baroda, the capital of His Highness the Gaekwar's State. Sent by Mr. WALTER J. HIGH, Government Telegraph Office, Baroda Camp, Gujerat, India

On the Niger River

The sender, Miss MARGARET COLCHESTER WEMYSS, Westbury Court, Westbury-on-Severn, says: "This is a photograph of Mr. J. Colchester Wemyss, an officer in the Scottish Rifles, who was at the time *en route* from Burutu to Lokoja, Northern Nigeria"

A Breakfast-table Luxury

Miss E. F. MILLINGTON, Kija Lami, Pretoria, who sends this photograph, says: "These five Kaffir boys are enjoying THE BYSTANDER and a morning meal of bananas in a corner of my garden, near Pretoria"

GAMES AND PASTIMES

A Matter of Inches

The victory of the officers of the Navy over their brethren of the Army in the Rugby match at Queen's Club last Wednesday was gained literally by inches, for if B. A. Hill's last place-kick, taken in the last minute of the game, had gone just inside the post, instead of just outside it, the Army would have finished up one point to the good instead of one point to the bad. And this sensational finish was quite in keeping with the run of the play all through. For it was, without a doubt, a fine match, brimful of excitement and great deeds—one of those matches (too rarely seen) in which both sides rise to the importance of the occasion without being oppressed by it, and play to win rather than to avoid losing. One sees the same sort of thing sometimes in a 'Varsity match, and it fills one with the joy of life. It is true that the play of both sides was characterised by a daring bordering on recklessness; that the passing was often purely speculative, if not positively wild; and that this was proved by the way in which the game fluctuated, and by the number of tries scored, despite the fact that the defence of both was beyond reproach. But what of that? If they had gone to work with the fixed determination to take no risks, so evenly matched were they that a scoreless draw might have been the result, and everybody would have gone away dissatisfied with the inconclusive issue. As it was, they showed a proper appreciation of the obvious origin of the term "try"; they took their risks, sometimes rashly, and seized their opportunities, generally most happily; and so we spectators went away delighted with the show as a whole, and not really caring a snap who had won. And I dare swear that the players had much the same feeling about it. Such is Rugger at its best.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The late Mr. C. W. Alcock

Who was for many years the Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club and also of the Football Association

Encore!

On a match in which everybody played so particularly well, it is hard to comment briefly with justice. But I think that a word of praise is due to the Navy forwards for their smartness in packing, breaking up, and going on after the ball, while if I were asked to pick out the best back on the field I should be inclined to name Orr for genuine all-round excellence. His second try for the Navy, which he started by cleverly intercepting a pass intended for Maclear, and finished all on his own, was the best piece of individual work of the day, not even excepting Maclear's dash through at the finish; but, apart from his success as a try-getter, he stood out prominently as a master of the game in all its branches, and particularly of the art of looking after Maclear. The prettiest bit of combined passing was the Navy's third try, which was the outcome of a run by the right wing three-quarters, ending in a neat pass inwards to Cox, who, with several other forwards, had backed up well. I am glad to hear that the fixture, which is an entirely new one, is likely to become permanent; but, at the same time, I hope that its organisers will not be influenced in the choice of a date by the idea that the match will serve as "an International trial," as has been suggested. Let the match be played for its own sake (as it was on Wednesday), purely as a test of the rival merits of the two Services, and let it be fixed for a time at which

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Navy v. Army Match at Queen's Club

After extremely equal play, the Navy won by one point, the score being 15 points to 14. An old International three-quarter of the early 'eighties, who was present, said it was the finest match he had seen for twenty years

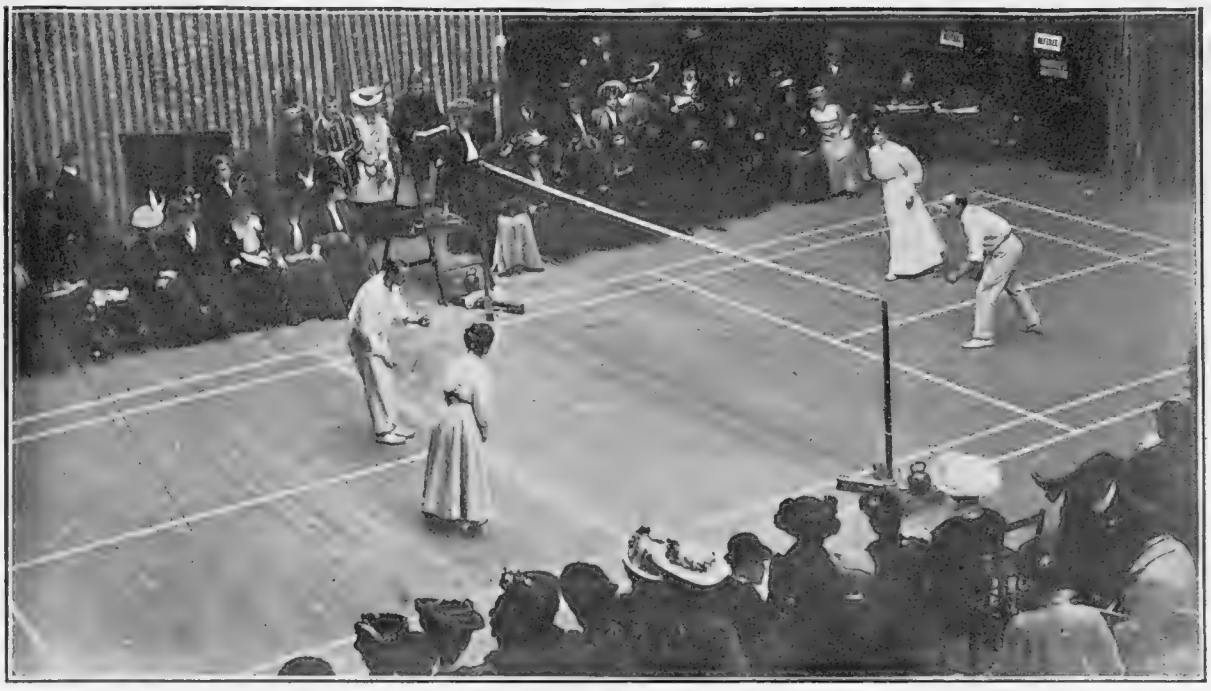


Photo *Dixon*

The All-England Badminton Championships at Bunhill Row: H. N. Marrett serving

The All-England Badminton Championships were played at the London Rifle Brigade's hall, Bunhill Row, last week. Owing to the failing light, the Gentlemen's Doubles could not be played out. N. Wood was again the winner of the Men's Singles, while Miss Douglass, the lawn-tennis champion, made a good fight for the Ladies' Singles with Miss Lucas, the final winner. The Mixed Doubles were won by G. A. Thomas and Miss G. L. Murray

the best talent of the two Services is likely to be available. Wednesday's result has convinced me that nobody, be he player or spectator, will be disappointed of a good game, and that the match should be carefully denuded of any suggestion that it is a trial.

A Great Win for the Scottish

Another very inspiriting game to watch was Blackheath *v.* London Scottish at Richmond on Saturday, and it just showed what a really powerful team the Scottish are this season, for although Blackheath were not at full strength (Hopley, Cave, Newbold, Wright, and Gotley were away) they had quite a good side, and yet they were beaten by as much as four goals and two tries to a try. There were some delightful runs by the Scottish backs, and Munro, as usual, played a leading part in nearly all of them. Simson also did well, but he is apt, trusting to his strength, to stick to the ball too long. Of the three-quarters, I noticed that Cunningham acquitted himself most creditably in the distinguished company in which he found himself, and looks like developing into a tip-top man. McLeod —to say nothing of his strong running and tackling— was in great form at kicking; and the same may be said of Mainprice on the other side, though, as he had to take the scrum, he was not quite so prominent as he is when standing off.

The Badminton Championships

At their customary *venue*, the Drill Hall of the London Rifle Brigade in Bunhill Row, E.C., the All-England Badminton Championships, after four days' play, were concluded on Saturday last—or rather they ought to have been concluded, but weren't; for there was not light enough to finish the final of the Gentlemen's Doubles. Last year this same event was scraped through in semi-darkness, and although there may be difficulties in connection with the management of a badminton tournament that I know nothing of, yet it does seem ill-advised, in the case of *the* meeting of the year, to overload the programme with handicap events, to the detriment of the Championships, and to cram so many rounds of the Doubles into the last day. In the Men's Championship N. Wood repeated his last year's victory. He met H. N. Marrett, the winner of 1904 and 1905, in the second round, and again defeated him, mainly owing to superior condition, after losing the first game. F. Chesterton did well to beat G. A. Thomas in the third round, the latter having previously ousted the Irish crack, A. M. Cave; but in the final, Chesterton could make but little headway against Wood. The Ladies' Singles was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Miss D. K. Douglass, the lady lawn-tennis champion, was second, and that she made, moreover, a very good fight of it with Miss Lucas in the final. Last year Miss E. W. Thompson and Miss Lucas were almost in a class by themselves in Singles, and this year it is quite fitting that, in the absence of the former, another lawn-tennis player should come forward to fill the breach. The score was 15-5, 8-15, 15-3 in Miss Lucas's favour. Perhaps the most interesting event was the Mixed Doubles, for it was somewhat fruitful of surprises, and furnished the usual contrast between the orthodox and "front and back" games. In the first round Wood and Miss Lucas, playing the othodox "sides," put out Marrett and Miss Hogarth, playing "front and back," but succumbed in their turn to another "front and back" pair, Thomas and Miss Murray, who ultimately won the whole thing, beating in the final the famous lawn-tennis couple, A. D. Prebble and Miss Boothby, who had previously knocked out S. M. Massey and Miss Bateman.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Sandwich Course

At the meeting of the Royal St. George's Golf Club, held on Feb. 21, the vexed question of the course was finally set at rest. The alterations proposed by the Committee, as described in my article of Feb. 20, were approved by the meeting, subject to any such small modifications in the position of the tees and holes as might be found by the Committee to add to the amenities of the course and the convenience of players. I append a plan which will make matters clear to my readers. A slight mistake in the calculation of the length of the course arose through one small alteration being abandoned at the last moment. The Committee originally intended that the eighteenth hole should be placed at a point some eighty yards further than it is at present. This may still be done at some future date, but for the moment the total length of the revised course is 6,441 yards, instead of 6,521 as I stated in my former article. This reduces the disparity between the first and second halves to 317 yards, a considerable improvement in balance on the old difference of 607 yards.

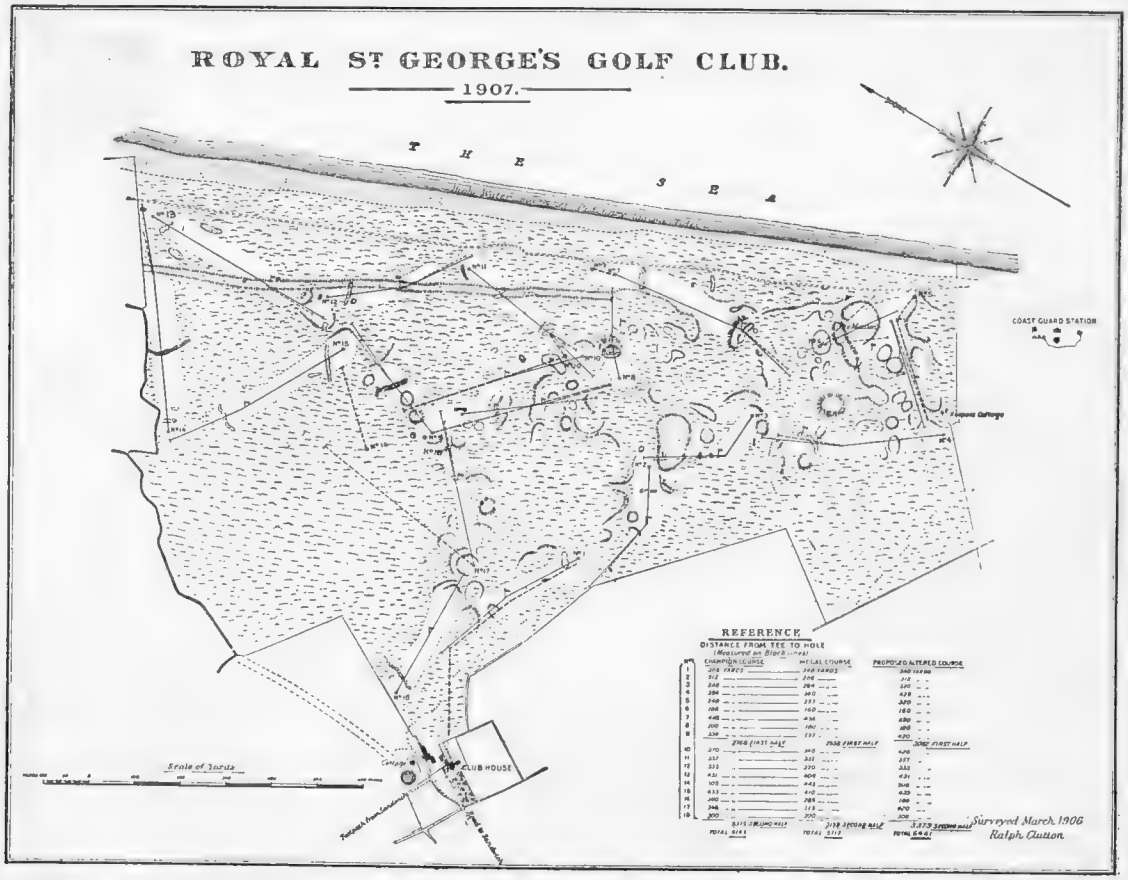
Some of the Alterations

We may shed a few tears over the waste of time, money, and labour spent on the more drastic alterations, which have now been definitely abandoned, but I feel sure that we shall all recognise that the decision to which the club has at length come is the wisest and safest under all the circumstances of the case.

The second and third holes have been saved from the extinction which they would have suffered under the old plan, and as both of them are really fine and interesting holes, we may congratulate ourselves on their survival, more especially if the objectionable hog's-back approach to the second hole is made fairer and more playable by levelling. This, a little bird has whispered to me, will be done, and I doubt whether many players will be found to mourn the disappearance of this very unfair feature of the second hole.

To sum up: The new course will retain all the outstanding features which time and association have endeared to players since the formation of the links, while the added length of the first half will enable crowded competitions to be handled much more easily than in the old days, more especially if a rigid adherence to punctuality and a slightly longer interval between couples at the first tee are enforced by the official starter.

ERNEST LEHMANN.



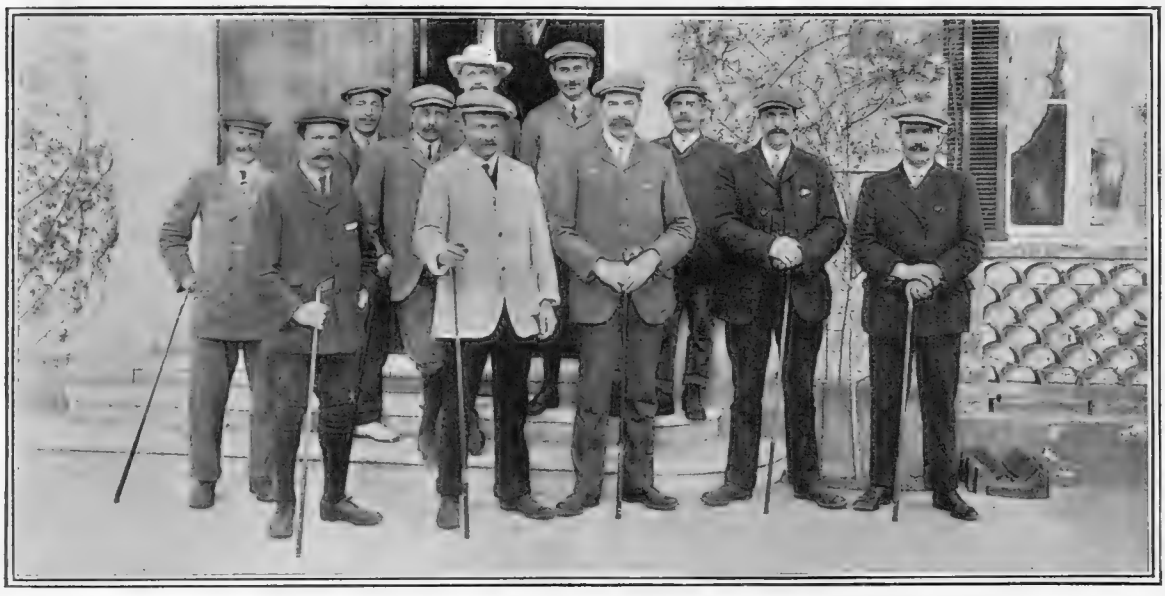
The Royal St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich: A plan of the course, the dotted lines indicating the proposed alterations.

Golf at Cannes

THE PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT PROMOTED BY THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL

The Cannes Golf Tournament: The Grand Duke Michael (in his shirt sleeves) and his wife, the Countess Torby, on the ninth green

The professional tournament held at Cannes last week was entirely promoted by the Grand Duke Michael. Among the interested spectators during the course of the tournament, besides the Grand Duke and his wife, were the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Acheson, Sir Edgar Vincent, and Sir H. E. Moss



The Competitors in Front of the Club-house

BACK ROW *(from left to right)*: Jack White, J. H. Taylor, Harry Vardon
MIDDLE ROW: Callaway, Tom Vardon, Ben Sayers
FRONT ROW: Rowland Jones, Arnaud Massey, the French Open Champion (winner of first prize, £62 and gold medal), James Braid (the English Open Champion), Edward Ray (winner of second prize, £33 and silver medal), and Alex Herd

Photos *Dixon*

A Pretty Spot on the Cannes Course: The Ferry to the Fourth Tee

The tournament ended in a victory for a French and an English player, Arnaud Massey, the Open Champion of France, and Rowland Jones (Wimbledon Park). Second were Ben Sayers and Tom Vardon; and third, Braid, the English Open Champion, and Harry Vardon

The LIBRARY.

"STEPPING WESTWARD"

Miss M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), whose *Stepping Westward* is published by Methuen (6*s*.), is an author of whose prolificacy we complain not at all. There is a sameness about her little stories (mostly in dialect) of rural life; still, you can have sameness which is not tameness. Miss Francis is a sort of W. W. Jacobs of village life. She conceives her little plots with some of that master's droll ingenuity, but with more pathos and poetry. Against Mr. Jacobs's *penchant* for male characters of mature age is to be set that of Miss Francis for female characters of advanced years. Her village women are strong, living types; there is no false feminine idealism about them, save in a heroic direction. The story of "Tranter Sally," in which a young man wooes (in the dark, by mistake) the grandmother of his sweetheart, is worthy of Mr. Jacobs, but the distinction of Miss Francis's method is that, instead of enveloping the young man in a blaze of ridicule as the result, she makes his *faux pas* but the step which shall lead to happiness. Droll idea — happy *dénouement*—such is the simple material out of which Miss Francis continues to evolve story-books; and she is to be enjoined to continue as long as it may please her to do so.

Mr. Charles Gleig

Author of *The Nancy Manœuvres*, now published by Brown, Langham, a sprightly story of the adventures of a young woman on one of H.M.'s battleships during manœuvres

"THE NANCY MANŒUVRES"

The Navy is a subject which we conspire, as a rule, to take so very seriously (especially now, when its disappearance is said by pessimists to be in immediate prospect) that a "little judicious levity" thereupon comes as a relief. Mr. Charles Gleig, in *The Nancy Manœuvres* (Brown, Langham: 6*s*.), contrives to extract a good deal of measured fun out of the senior Service. An adventurous young woman, by impersonating the correspondent of the *Daily Scum* (there's humour, with a vengeance!), gets herself taken aboard a battleship during the manœuvres. That a young woman in so unusual and exciting a situation would have novel experiences, not only of "war" but also of love, is obvious, and it is only needful to say that Mr. Gleig makes the very utmost of his opportunities and produces a light and readable volume, well up to—if not superior to—his previous standard.

"HER MAJESTY'S REBELS"

Mr. S. R. Lysaght presents us, in this novel, with, practically, a fictionised version of the life—the triumph and the *débâcle*—of Charles Stewart Parnell. In Michael Desmond we have the Irish patriot, slightly idealised, and the story of his relations with the beautiful and the elegant Corinna is practically the same, in its emotional aspect, as that which decorated the Divorce Courts of the 'eighties. As in that *cause célèbre*, we have a woman affianced to a man and remaining constant to him, though she has yielded to the passion of another. The characters are finely portrayed, and the climaxes amply realised. The author, however, does not enlist the sympathy for the heroine which is to be desired in such a case, and leaves the reader somewhat in doubt as to the exact morality of her conduct in the eyes of society. Nevertheless, the book is notable, exceedingly conscientious as to detail, and written in a style of much distinction. It is published by Macmillan (6*s*.).

"RUNNING WATER"

As an instance of how a story based on a crude and melodramatic plot can be saved from ineptitude by "background," *Running Water*, Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel (Hodder: 6*s*.), is remarkable. Replete with crude criminality—murder, confidence tricks, druggings, etc., etc.—nevertheless, behind the story is a compensating feature. A clever scoundrel, welled up with villainies, is only redeemed from crime when under the spell of "running water," or, in other words, the mountains. His daughter, the heroine, makes it her life's task to thwart her father's designs, with ultimate success. By judicious use of the mountaineering colour, the author saves the story from baldness.

DECORATION *of the* MODERN HOME

Illustrated notes dealing with antique furniture and the influence of the eighteenth-century decorative spirit upon some modern productions and recent developments

Examples of Old Furniture from Late Queen Anne to Early Victoria

(By permission of Messrs. Hamptons)

Present-Day Furniture

ONE of the most agreeable features of modern life is the pleasure and enthusiasm which is shown in the furnishing of the present-day house. Time was, and not so long ago, when most people were content to give an order for the outfit of one or more rooms to the particular firm they happened to know, and leave the whole affair in their more or less cultured hands, foot the bill, and have done with the business. Such a spirit, which was understandable in the Victorian days of suites, which included everything, from the Utrecht velvet sofas and chairs to the latest horror in gilt and looking-glass, has passed away. Everyone has now given some study and thought to the applied arts, and added a new interest to the charms and allurements of the home. Old furniture —of the English eighteenth century mainly — is collected with avidity; and the excellent ideals of design and workmanship which sustained the Chippendales, the Hepplewhites, and the dozen other well-known personages of those days, have become so familiar to our generation that the poor craftsmanship and bad design of the day before yesterday appears as dead as Queen Anne—whose name, by the way, covered a multitude of artistic sins in the days when applied art was evolving from mid-nineteenth century misfortunes into the grace and comfort of our own period.

Reproductions of Early and Late Sheraton Satinwood and Inlay Furniture at Shoolbred's

The Quality of the Present Day

After many years of admiration for the antique, we can at last, in England, praise the new. For the latest and best developments of the arts and crafts of furniture are now on the lines of what was best in the old, adapted to our ideas of comfort and our purses. At no period since machinery has come into general use has furniture been at once so carefully made and so excellently designed as now. The grace of the present day is really the recaptured charm of the eighteenth century, with here and there a departure for our added cosiness.

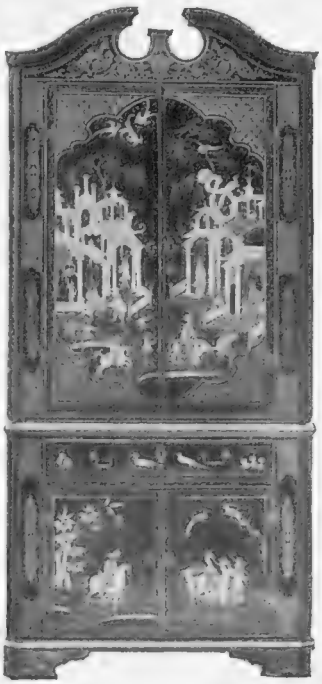
At Shoolbred's

Nowhere can this clever reproduction of the best days of cabinet-work be better seen than in the long galleries and cunningly contrived rooms at Shoolbred's. Here the great style of Le Grand Monarque lives again —as regards the furniture — and the lavish qualities of Louis Quinze or the discretion and refinement of Louis Seize is seen, each in its charming *salon*. The illustrations here given, however, show some remarkable reproductions of the English inlay and satinwood and painted decoration period, when we borrowed some ideas of design from our gifted neighbours, and greatly improved upon the actual cabinet-work. These pieces are copied so carefully in both the colour and form that the sense of touch and the lust of the eye are completely satisfied. Either together or in single pieces these reproductions possess a distinction which recalls the great days of eighteenth-century furniture, and indirectly remind us that *l'Art Nouveau* which threatened Society for a little while, has become as utterly *passé* as the roses

Reproductions of English Eighteenth-Century Furniture at Shoolbred's

Eighteenth-Century Lacquer

of yester-year. The first of the illustrations keeps more strictly to the square and tapering leg of the best days of Sheraton. The double oval table at the back, the upper part of which forms a tray, is highly characteristic of Sheraton's ingenious designs. The inlay here is very carefully planned, and gives a bright quality to the table, which does not appear in the photograph. The silver or china table in the foreground, with the lyre legs, is an example of the same designer in rather a later period, when metal was beginning to be used largely in the decoration of furniture. The card-table against the wall is a charming, decorative, and useful piece. The other examples in both photographs are, æsthetically speaking, of equal value, and will prove of great service for those who, while desiring the Sheraton designs, prefer new furniture and modern prices.



Old Lacquer Cupboard at Hamptons'

At Heal's

The rooms, especially bedrooms, fitted up here recall the comfortable delights of the eighteenth century, improved by those considerations of health which appeared unnecessary to our more robustious forefathers. In the first illustration on the next page, the bed is an old four-poster, re-made as regards the "business" parts, but with all the original charm of design and beauty of workmanship preserved. The covering and curtains are of a material copied from an embroidered cloth of the time of Elizabeth. Between the window and the bed is an example of that most comfortable of arm-chairs with high wings to keep the winds away. Beyond is a long glass and small dressing-table, slightly Dutch in character, which is generally attributed, rather vaguely, to Queen Anne. The next chair, high-backed, cane-seated, and with delicate, strong legs, I take to be a little earlier, and belonging to Stuart times, when the Spanish foot was in vogue, and seats were elaborate but not very frequent. A late eighteenth-century chest of drawers, with a looking-glass with double row of drawers, come next, and the room is completed, as far as the picture goes, with a hint of one of those graceful and useful chests on stands which were in general use when Charles II. came into his own again. Messrs. Heal have all these pieces in the antique, for they have given a good deal of time and skill to that branch of business of late, but they can reproduce them all very cleverly in a wood which they call Colonial, and of a colour and style that may confound future generations of connoisseurs.

The second illustration shows a corridor in which stand two double chests of a style and character peculiar to these manufacturers. Usefulness, solidity, exquisite proportions, and agreeable colouring are among their qualities. Simplicity and a knowledge of the elemental necessities of furniture design are the mainsprings of this powerful and popular style. Honest worth is their claim to your admiration rather than the charms of antique design or the gracefulness and delicacy of eighteenth-century art. Now that the vogue of motoring has brought the country cottage so easily within the reach of the townsman, appropriate furniture is demanded, nor is it called for in vain. The interior here shown has only

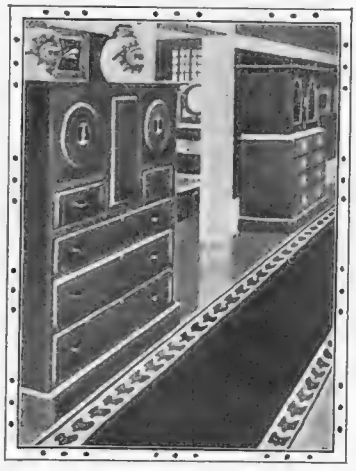
Fine Old Lacquer Cabinet, on well-designed stand, part of a large collection of this interesting work at Hamptons'

The Vogue of the Cottage

some half-dozen pieces of furniture in it, and yet, though few, they are so fit as to give an air of elegance and comfort. The legs of the gate-table help this effect, and the homely, familiar appearance of the wheel-back Windsor chairs lend a share of cosiness not to be under-rated. Another style of work to which this firm is devoting no small amount of attention is that important home of the coming race, the nursery. The scheme of these rooms has for *motif* simplicity, and then again simplicity. White, unpolished wood; pure, direct designs; as few pieces of furniture as comfort will permit; each separate article thoughtfully adapted to its especial use; these are some of the points that go to make this room so charming and healthful, so hopeful and suggestive of those who will carry our halting ideals to a more perfect issue. These calm, white, simple nurseries remind one of a verse Mr. Austin Dobson sang long ago :—

Arrangement of Eighteenth-Century Bedroom, showing the "Four-Poster" which Heal and Son have brought again into use

Oh! Art of the Household! Men may prate
Of their ways "intense" and Italianate;
They may soar on the wings of sense, and float
To the *au delà* and the dim remote—
Till the last sun sink in the last-lit West;
'Tis the Art at the Door that will please us best;
To the end of time 'twill be still the same—
For the earth first laughed when the children came.



Examples of Chests made exclusively by Heal and Son

At Hamptons'

In Pall Mall one puts away childish things, more or less, for here is a wonderfully sophisticated exhibition of antique furniture gathered from the ultimate corners of the earth for the benefit of the buyer in London. One of their English eighteenth-century rooms contains a characteristic Hogarth arm-chair and a fine Chippendale card-table of the style for which many collectors seek, and seek in vain. The corner cupboard and stools here are Queen Anne, the sideboard Sheraton, the chairs Hepplewhite, and the Bergere chair with the cane sides, brings the little collection by easy stages from the late days of Anne to the early days of Victoria. At the moment, however, the most interesting collection here is that of English and Oriental lacquer of the eighteenth century and earlier. Such a cabinet as we show, with doors open, and excellently made drawers, is a delightful example of Oriental decoration. The stand is particularly interesting and pleasingly in keeping. Too often these lacquer pieces are mounted on *rococo* gilt stands — as disadjusted to the original design as well can be. The corner cupboard is a simpler piece, but of uncommon quality. The collection includes chairs and tables, boxes and stools, several sorts of tables, and many other highly interesting specimens of a class of work which is becoming more sought after every day, but which still offers a field for the collector.

Cottage Parlour, furnished by Heal and Son

At Gill and Reigate's

If anyone still doubts the attractive powers of the—

Many things divinely done
By Chippendale and Sheraton,

not to mention a half-dozen equally important cabinet-makers of Georgian

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Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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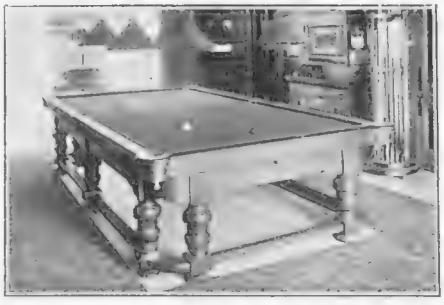
ARE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.



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¶ It stands to reason that a good piano which can be played in two ways is of infinitely greater value to its owner than a good piano which can be only played in one way. The Pianola Piano, alone of all pianos, embodies the two *musically accepted methods of playing*—by hand, and by the Pianola with the Metrostyle.

¶ While it thus unites all the advantages of a piano of the highest grade with those of the Metrostyle Pianola, it does not differ in appearance from an instrument of the ordinary type, and the change from hand-playing to Pianola playing can be made in a few seconds.

¶ More than 18,000 compositions can be played by anyone on the Pianola Piano, and by the aid of the Metrostyle many of these can be played with interpretations actually provided by Paderewski, Grieg, Chaminade, and many other famous musicians.

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There are several models of the Pianola Piano.

The Pianola Piano (Steck Piano) is made in three models.

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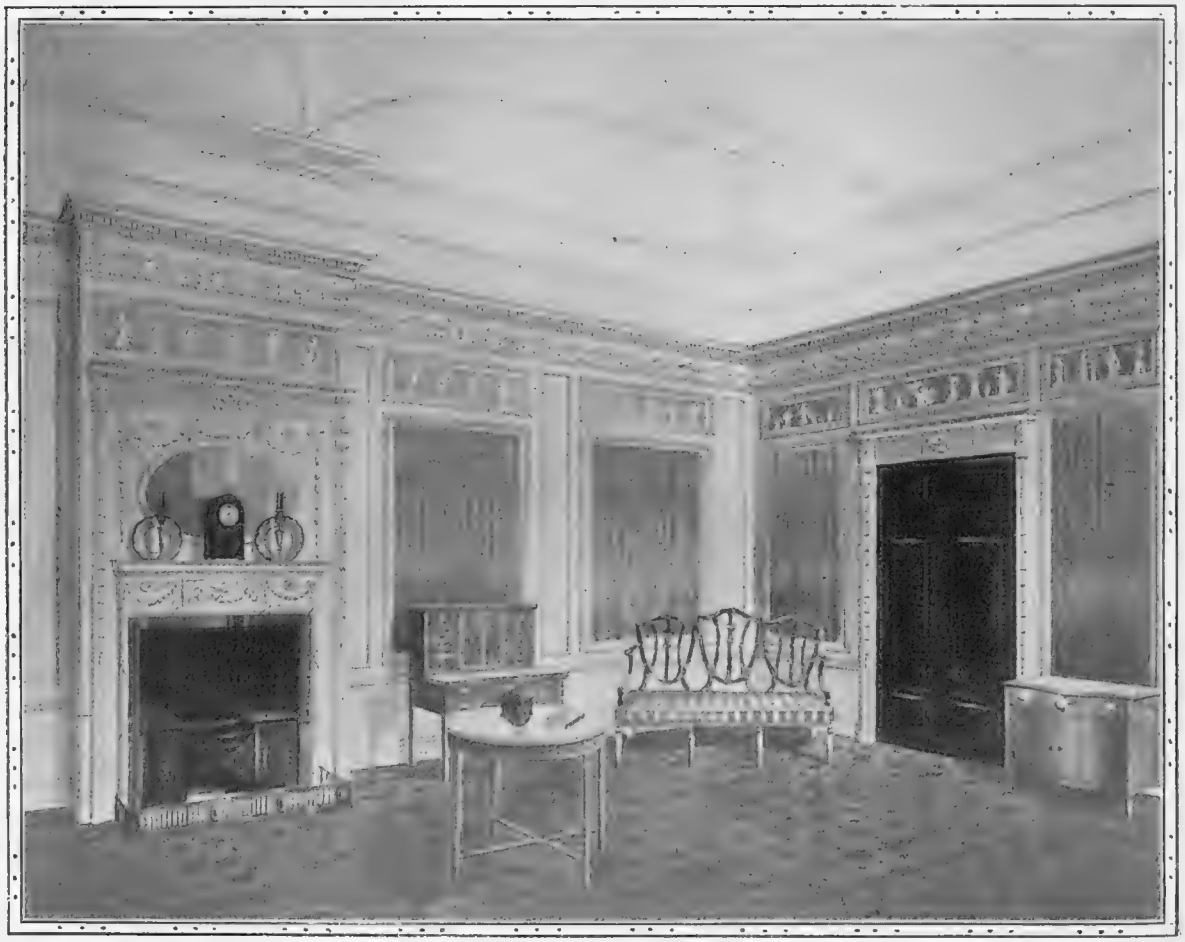
Reproductions of the "Adam" Period

times, a half-hour among the collections at this firm's rooms will convince him of his mistaken point of view. Here the enthusiast in the plenishment of old houses has a rich feast in store. Merely to walk among these well-displayed examples of the agreeable craft of the old cabinet-makers is an education and a refreshment. To purchase the things that seem to you most excellent, and have them sent home to live with, must be a very present pleasure. Messrs. Gill and Reigate have certainly shown the most indefatigable spirit in bringing specimens of eighteenth-century furniture together, and in restoring and presenting antique pieces. Those of us who are collectors — in a small way — will find that these rooms possess many examples of the particular article we have considered to be ours alone. So widely are their nets spread, and so complete and satisfactory the hauls they land, that a view of their galleries forms a history of furniture in itself—far more full and complete than most museums, and more interesting than any private collection.

Corner of an "Adam" Room, by Gill and Reigate

At George Wright and Sons'

From the mere man's point of view, there is no more important room in a country house than that devoted to the art of billiards. Although the actual science of making tables is pretty old in England, for many generations very little thought was given to the æsthetic side of the matter. But Messrs. Wright, whose tables are scientifically perfect, have also given a vast amount of consideration to the design of the frame, the fine cabinet-work of the accessories — marking-boards, cases, etc. — and, in fact, every part of a billiard-room, from the mantelpiece to the panels of the walls, from the patent method of lighting to the ultimate perfect table itself. Of those examples seen in the



Late Eighteenth-Century Room, designed and carried out by Henry, Ltd.: Reproductions of Satinwood Furniture

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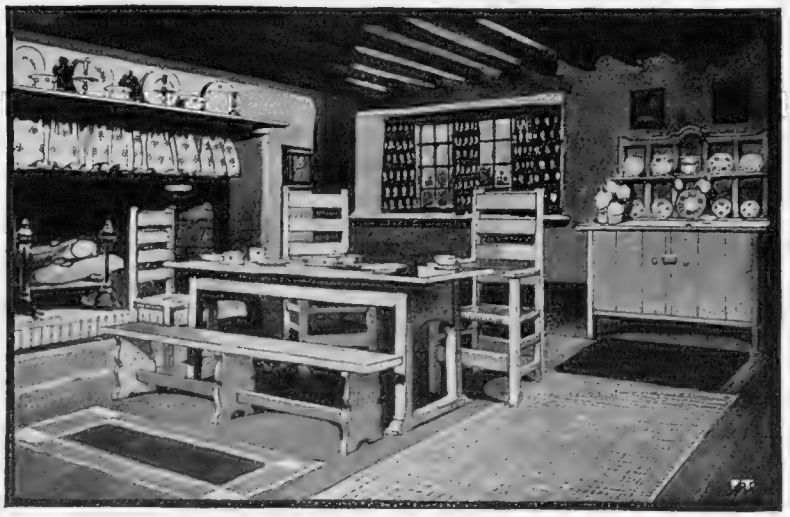

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Billiards and Beauty

photographs, one, in dark oak with ebony inlay, has the spiral leg characteristic of the Stuart period, which is at once strong and decorative and distinguished. The second has a fine air of stability, and is one of the most popular models now being made.

At John Barker and Co.'s, Kensington

Although there is a general feeling at the present time that the art of furniture is at its best when it most effectively adapts the old, there is one branch that has greatly improved in our time, that is the important craft of upholstery which is so greatly changed in our day, and so immeasurably improved. It is to this comfortable side of furniture that Messrs. John Barker have given especial care, and in which they greatly excel. Their particular trade enables them to buy at considerable advantage, and the upholstered chairs and sofas which are shown by them are at once the acme of comfort and remarkably low in price. A "drop Chesterfield," called the "Waverley," shows these two qualities in conjunction, as does, especially, the "Carlton" lounge-chair—the last word of comfort in this direction. Beyond the production of these modern pieces, Messrs. Barker have a considerable exhibition of reproductions, among which the carved and water-gilt Louis XIV. examples are most perfect and pleasing.

One of the most popular of George Wright and Son's Billiard Tables

At Henry, Ltd., St. James's Street

At the present time abroad it is popular, for the wealthy who are building houses, to have them decorated in the English fashion. Messrs. Henry have carried out several such undertakings of late, and interesting models of the rooms thus decorated are to be seen at their galleries in St. James's Street. Under the immediate personal guidance of Mr. Osborne, who was with Messrs. Warings for some years, these foreign *châteaux* have been made to assume a charming character of elegance, which is partly French, combined with that agreeable air of stability and comfort which has always been the main quality of eighteenth-century work in England. The corner of the room we show contains examples of the reproduction of that "honey-gold" satinwood which was the glory of British applied art some 150 years ago, when the delicate painters of that period often added to the valuable character of the cabinet-work the higher fascination of fine art. Many examples of the most useful and beautiful of our forefathers' furniture are reproduced by Messrs. Henry with great consideration for the workmanship and character of the piece, and also with a keen eye on the price—so that these reproductions come within the practical politics of all who are about to furnish a house.

At Thornton Smith's, Soho Square

The delightful old house which this firm has recently taken in this historic square is filled from ground floor to attic with antique English furniture from the early oaken days to the late Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods. Each room, however, has a character and distinction of its own, for the examples are carefully selected and preserved in the state in which they have been discovered until they are again sold, when they are restored to the original state of grace and brightness. General decorations of the house are carried out by this firm, who make a great feature of giving a special and individual character to each piece of work they take in hand. In their crowded rooms are materials for all kinds of decoration, especially suitable for use with the excellent eighteenth-century furniture of which they have so vast and interesting a collection. The prices one gathers are not so astonishingly high here as in some of the shops, Messrs. Thornton Smith's idea being to sell large quantities rather than charge big prices.

Wall Decoration

There is no doubt that, æsthetically speaking, the paper on our walls has for many years destroyed a great number of otherwise beautiful rooms. To some extent, this old difficulty has been overcome by the invention of Hall's Distemper, which is the result of a long series of scientific experiments and a very practical application of utilitarian means to a highly artistic end. The even surface and charming colours which can be obtained are two among a hundred claims to fame which this distemper has been proved to possess.

Wall-papers of Essex and Company

The immense importance of the way we decorate our walls has been so heartily driven into the minds of our generation, that for a long time people avoided all the awful possibilities of a bad design, and fell back on the negative virtues of an absolutely plain colour. This phase, too, has passed away, and in its place we have the well-considered designs and graceful combinations of colour such as Messrs. Essex have brought into fashion. The styles—the Rose Trellis Crown Decoration, for example, and

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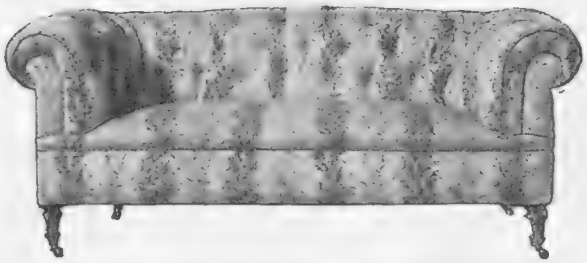

C6 "The Grosvenor" Spring Edge **Chesterfield**, 6 ft. long, stuffed all hair and very soft, covered in Cretonne. **£5 : 5 : 0**

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C4 "The Holyrood" **Easy Chair**, very comfortable. Grandfather shape, cabriole legs, in Tapestry or Taffeta. **£2 : 12 : 6**

ARTISTIC AND RELIABLE UPHOLSTERY at Moderate Prices.

Manufactured in our own factories, and having that luxurious softness so much desired.

"The Willoughby" Spring Edge **Easy Chair**, in Tapestry. **£3 : 3 : 0**

JOHN BARKER & CO., Kensington, W.

Tiles and Files

many others of their latest designs, which have to be seen in the piece to be appreciated, are wonderfully adjusted to the various pleasant forms of furniture of which I have been writing. Here again the delicate feeling of French art under Louis XVI. is suggested, with a result that the most beautiful things of that period, here and abroad, are heightened in effect by this style of mural decoration. This firm is now also showing a new wall decoration, called Metloid, which takes the place of the ordinary tile, and is cheaper, more durable, and on which any design can be executed. This new invention consists of thin, bendable, non-rusting metal plates, embossed and enamelled by a special process. It forms a lasting decoration, which has withstood the changes of many climates. Metloid can be fixed on any dry wall possessing a true surface in a most simple way, with the aid of a cement which Messrs. Essex especially provide for the purpose. Its sanitary and washable qualities, its cheapness, lightness, and permanent character, make it particularly adaptable for use in restaurants and offices; but it would lend great charm to every kitchen to be decorated with this highly hygienic and convenient material.

Room designed and carried out by Thornton-Smith's

Library and Office Furniture

In this department, at least, there has been a considerable advance of late. At the Globe-Wernicke Co.'s rooms, on Holborn Viaduct, an enormous quantity of roll-top desks, typewriter tables, and other characteristic pieces are on view. The style of all this work is admirably simple and complete, useful in every way, and agreeable in their neat and smooth appearance. The Company is also giving attention to other kinds of woodwork, and to electric fittings, and, of course, the system of card-index files and letter-file cabinets with which their name is connected. Added to these, and a hundred other cleverly constructed pieces of furniture—such as the revolving and other bookcases—are some folding card-tables that are likely to be extremely popular. Bridge is not bridge without a suitable table, but with the aid of the Globe-Wernicke admirably made "folder" one could transform the wilderness into "Paradise enow" for the enthusiastic card-player. Thus, from the folding card-table to the "card-index cabinet," from the severest "letter-filing cases" to the most luxurious "cigar and spirit cabinets," this firm provides for all the desires and necessities connected with the post-prandial quiet of the library or the busy hours of a workaday office.

Louis XIV. Chair, reproduced by Barker and Co.

The latest design in "Carlton" Lounge Chairs

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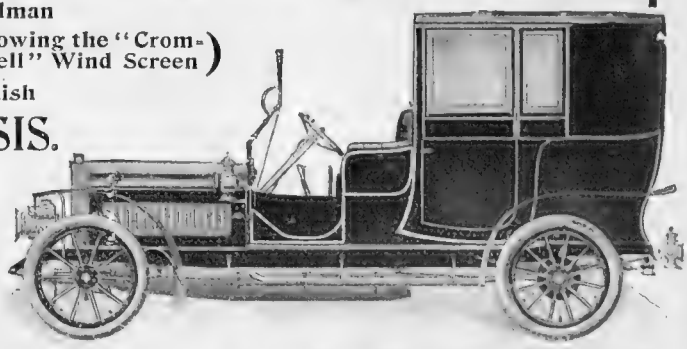
LANDAULETTE BODY (showing the "Cromwell" Wind Screen)

fitted to the new All-British

24 h.p. MORGAN CHASSIS.



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The worth of Clothes, is not just the price you pay for them. A suit is worth just so much to you as what you consider the value of what it does towards making you look well-dressed. That—taking into consideration its Wearing quality. Thus, it is possible that a suit for which you paid fifty-five shillings may be worth more than one for which you paid four guineas.

. . . Material does count, but the Work in making it up . . . the careful building up . . . the little taken here and the little given there . . . Master-work—that is what tells—that is what makes a suit worth much. If the Work is good the result is a suit which was plainly made for you with all carefulness . . . a good suit . . . a suit worth more than you pay for it.

Mr. Bult's tailoring makes for the production of clothes of Worth, for its guiding principles are . . . personal work . . . personal supervision . . . careful attention to those details which make for differences . . . the building of a suit instead of the manufacturing of one.

"THE BYSTANDER" says: "There are few places where the man of average means can get the same quality, style, and fit in his clothes as at Mr. Bult's."

The following prices will give a good idea of the general charges: Dress Suit (Silk-lined) from 84/-; Frock Coat and Vest from 63/-; Lounge Suit (Tweed, Serge, etc.) from 55/-. Patterns, Illustrated Price List (and Self-measurement Form if desired), will be sent Post Free on application.

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PURE MILK FOR BABIES.

In the feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance, for a young infant is quickly upset by partially souring milk. The "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are made from perfectly fresh milk, and the method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A complete substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhœa or digestive troubles need be feared when the "*Allenburys*" *Milk Foods* are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

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Milk Food No. 1 from birth to 3 months.

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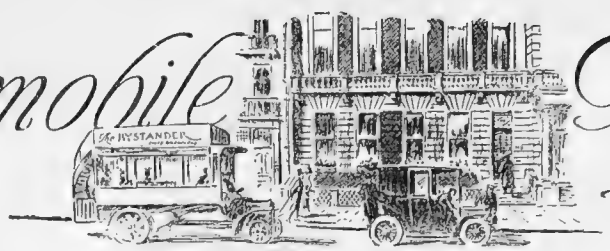
Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A Train Designed for Our Roads

The sagacious public, who know nowadays nearly as much about a Press campaign as any journalist, are aware that the general Press has been lately devoting a good deal of space and attention to a new abomination which is threatening us in the form of a train designed to run along our highways. The train in question—why suppress the name?—is known as the Renard train system, and is the invention and patent of a French Engineer Officer of that name. It is about to be exploited by a syndicate known as the Renard Syndicate, which has rented offices at 122, Victoria Street. The campaign, so far, has been confined to eulogistic articles on the merits of this new invasion, and the following papers have published favourable — what in America would be termed "communicated"—articles on the subject: the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Leader*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Standard*, and the *Financial News*. The *Morning Post*, whose motor contributor, Mr. Massac Buist, is a gentleman whose opinion probably carries more weight in the motor Press than any other writer in the daily Press, is conspicuously silent. The consulting engineer to this Renard Syndicate is Mr. A. H. Thwaite, whose name is familiar to me in connection with a wonderful scheme of "motor-ways" which he formulated some years ago, and were going to cost, Heaven knows! how many millions.

Car-icature—XVI.: The Gladiator—Mr. F. C. Baisley

Mr. Baisley is, perhaps, better known to the motoring public owing to his connection with the Dunlop Company. His recent accession to the management of the Gladiator Company has been marked by an energy which seems to take Mr. Baisley to all parts of the world at once!

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

Consisting of Engine, Trucks, and Carriages

The Renard train consists of a powerful motor vehicle, consuming petrol, steam, or oil, and a series of six-wheeled trucks and passenger carriages, the centre pair of wheels in each case being driven by the engine through the medium of a differential gear. Against the train *per se* I have nothing to say. It may be capable of fulfilling all the admirable functions the Renard Syndicate claim for it. Its appearance my readers may judge of for themselves, as on the following page I am enabled to publish a photograph of the train, owing to the quite-unsought-for thoughtfulness of the Syndicate in forwarding it to me.

* * *

A Revolutionary Attempt

But what I do wish to ask is, are our highways to be utilised as the track of a train such as this? I defy anybody with any sense of proportion to defend the effort to force our highways, overcrowded and inadequate as they are at present for ordinary requirements, to support such a service as is suggested by the persons who are attempting to introduce this Renard train. The idea is most preposterous, and ratepayers everywhere must rouse themselves and insist on action being taken to prevent this insidious attempt to seize the public roads as a railroad track. Unfortunately, at the moment there is, I fear, nothing to prevent the introduction of these trains throughout the length and breadth of the country. The *Daily Telegraph*, which frankly states that the attempt is a revolutionary one, has inquired into the matter, and this is its conclusion:—

So revolutionary is the principle of the Renard train, that the Local Government order prescribing the regulations of heavy motor-cars in this country never contemplated a series of vehicles, each self-propelling, coupled together. All the regulations refer to "trailers" when more than one heavy motor-car is alluded to. These carriages cannot be called trailers, as they are not drawn or pushed, but propel themselves, although the engine actuating the driving-shaft is contained in the leading vehicle. On inquiry at the Local Government Board, it was stated that there is no difficulty in principle to the passage of the train. As each vehicle is under three tons, if fitted with rubber or pneumatic tyres the speed the train could travel must not exceed twelve miles per hour, with the registered axle-weight not exceeding six tons, but if iron-tyred, eight miles per hour is the limit.

* * *

Can the L.G.B. Prevent It?

Exactly! The Local Government Board never contemplated a series of vehicles, each self-propelling, coupled together. The various regulations of the L.G.B. refer to "trailers," and since, by a device in

WM. COLE AND SONS, Ltd., Kensington District. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

the construction of the train, though they far exceed in total the weight which the regulations permit to be hauled along the roads, they cannot be prevented because they are not "trailers" in the accepted sense of the word. Perhaps, however, Mr. John Burns will have a final word to say on this subject. A mechanical carriage which cannot propel itself independently of other assistance, if not a "trailer" is its equivalent. If a company wants to run railway trains it has to apply to Parliament, lay down its own track, and maintain it. To permit such a system as this Renard one to occupy the roads, which the public have to pay to keep up, would be nothing short of a public scandal. A traction-engine dragging along a trailer is objectionable enough and ought to be prohibited, but this frank attempt to collar the roads and streets for the purpose of a railroad business is, I venture to say, a colossal piece of cool cheek.

* * *

What the Public Has to Put Up With

I often wonder where the improper uses to which our streets and roads are being put is going to stop. I alluded just now to traction-engines dragging loads. From Chiswick to Hammersmith, from Kensington to Piccadilly, in the early hours of the morning, is a perfect pandemonium of noise, as traction-engine after traction-engine, squeaking and scraping, drags its load of market produce to Covent Garden. Are the inhabitants of the most important residential parts of the West End ever to be sufferers in order to enable the market gardeners to reap a higher profit by sending goods in this way? Surely it would be fairer to insist on their using silent (say steam) motors or horses? Again, many valuable houses have been rendered uninhabitable by the advent of the motor-'bus. I am not so foolish as to oppose the motor-'bus, but why should any foreign box of noisy tricks—for such most of them are—be permitted to be licensed and be driven day and night along thoroughfares the owners pay practically nothing to maintain? The public is far too long-suffering on these matters. Imagine a railway train *à la* Renard in addition in full swing! I should recommend Mr. B. H. Thwaite, A.M.I.C.E., to start a company to build his motor tracks before he recommends using our roads for train services.

The Lifeboat at the Hook

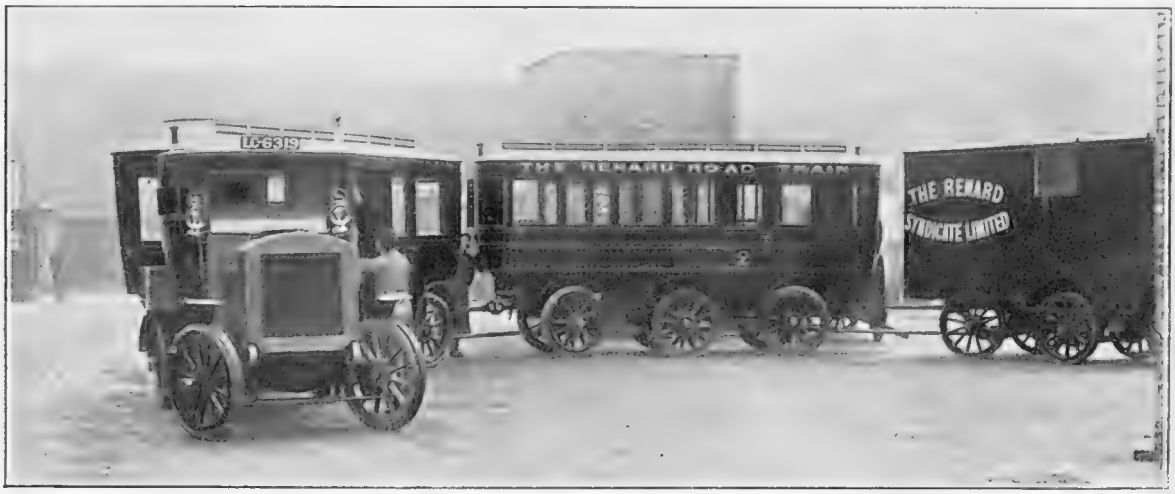
It is, perhaps, of interest at the moment to mention that the lifeboat which rendered such signal service in connection with the wreck of the *Berlin* at the Hook of Holland is a British-built vessel which has seen much arduous service since, twelve years ago, Messrs. Thorneycroft, of Chiswick, delivered it. It has the proud total of close on 350 lives to its credit.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XVI.: Mr. Frank C. Baisley

Very few motoring men are better known—none are more popular among their fellows—than Mr. Frank Baisley. "F.C.B.," as he is called among his intimates, took a keen interest in cricket when at Bedford Grammar School, and has been known so recently as last year to slow down his car, while on a non-stop run from Glasgow to London, in order to buy an evening paper containing "scores at close of play." The incident is characteristic of the man. Keenness is Mr. Baisley's dominant note. Appropriately, though, his success in life may be partly ascribed to the supineness of other people. Placed in charge of what I may term, for brevity's sake, the patents' protection department of the Dunlop Tyre Company, "F.C.B." quickly mastered the intricacies of the Patent Laws, and to this day holds the record for appearances as a witness in the various Law Courts of the country. When the forensic power of the "'nineties" had somewhat subsided, Mr. Baisley assumed the management of the Dunlop Company's interests, and attended all the principal motor meetings at home and abroad. His little 9 h.-p. Clement car, the "Oilstove," and, more recently, his more pretentious 15 h.-p. Panhard, have been familiar to all attendants at International and insular competitions, what time their cheery owner directed the operations of armies of tyre experts, or gave a lift to some friend in need. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Baisley took over the management of the Gladiator motor-car business in this country, which, as the initiated know, is controlled mainly by Mr. Harvey Du Cros, M.P., chairman of the Dunlop Company. Mr. Baisley's many friends augur from his latest appointment a rapid increase in popularity of the already well known Gladiator car.



The Renard Train: Engine and carriages

A syndicate proposes to place these trains on our high roads to carry passengers and goods (see article above)

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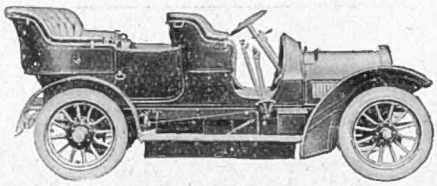

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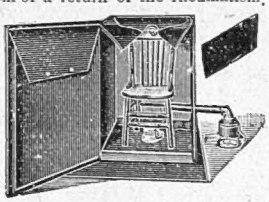

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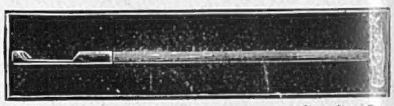

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Alpines in the Rock Garden

It is generally in the rock garden that we get our first glimpse of colour. Most of the plants grown there are of Alpine or North American origin. They are extraordinarily hardy, and seem even to be benefited by a severe winter. For no sooner is it past than they start into growth, and flower and seed with wonderful rapidity. If they had not acquired this habit in their native countries, where the period for growth is short, they would long ago have ceased to exist. A peculiarity exhibited by their seeds is due to the same cause. As may easily be tested in the case of auriculas, though some may germinate almost at once, others, taken from the same pods, will not do so for months, or even for a year, or more. Provision is thus made for the destruction of the earliest batches of seedlings by climatic or other accidents, and some, at least, of the later batches are given a chance of perpetuating the race. None of these hardy plants need any protection, but it is just as well to see that they have not been loosened in the soil by frost. And if there happen to be among them any of a tenderer nature, such as the so-called hardy cypripediums, a slight sprinkling of cocoa-nut fibre, or some similar material, will often prevent injury to the young tips as they are coming through the ground. Among the many plants usually grown in such positions are the aubretias. Of these, the ordinary purple rock-cress is the most common, but there are others, such as "A. Eyrei," with violet flowers, and "A. Leichtlini," with deep rose, which are more beautiful. Of Alyssum saxatile, another old favourite, there is a very fine new variety (citrinum) with pale yellow flowers. It may easily be raised from a packet of seeds. The anemones, saxifrages, and sedums, are a host in themselves, and with these and the innumerable other plants available for the purpose, it is not difficult to make the rock garden charming.

A Corner of the Rock Garden and a beautiful Laburnum at Ashridge Park

Shrubs and trees, not too closely planted, are a very effective feature of a rock garden, the laburnum being probably the most popular. A beautiful colour combination is obtained by training a wisteria up a laburnum, for the lilac flowers of the former are produced at about the same time as the yellow laburnum blossoms

Shrubs in the Rock Garden

If it is large enough, shrubs and trees, not planted so thickly as to hide its features, may be used most effectively, as may be seen from the illustration of the laburnum in the rock garden at Ashridge Park. When a wisteria is trained up the laburnum the effect is considerably enhanced, for the combination of lilac and yellow flowers, both produced about the same time, and very similar in appearance, causes a feeling of pleased surprise, which is one of the chief aims of landscape gardening. Yuccas and pampas grass always look well amid such surroundings, and the latter is sure to thrive if it is planted where its roots can reach water. Dwarf conifers are useful, not only for their appearance all the year round, but also for their shade in summer and their shelter in winter, while berberis, cotoneaster, and some of the hardy azaleas and rhododendrons, will greatly add to the attractiveness of the rock garden. Here, too, in some sunny recess, is the ideal site for a collection of bamboos. H. C. Davidson.

FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

To all whom it may concern, the first Court, rather dully diplomatic, as it usually is, has more than ratified the prophesies as to the fresh development of the Court toilettes. To Paquin, as usual, were to be directly traced some of the most strikingly beautiful creations, notably one worn by Miss Van Alen, of *l'aiguille* lace, over an under-dress of white tulle spangled with brilliants. The draping of the lace over both skirt and bodice was supremely graceful, the *décolletage* encircled by a delicate tracery of the sparkling gems, and the train, which was of rich ivory velvet brocaded silk, hung from the shoulders, was lined with Oriental satin of the same shade, and tastefully draped with white tulle, caught with sprays of white carnations.

The dim-distance suggestion, effected through the medium of a spangled net veiling a plain quality, or *vice versâ*, is paramount, and no words can adequately describe the exquisitely beautiful varieties of these *dimanté* embroideries, the which are now so artistically treated. There is throughout no thought of garishness.

A Graceful Demi-Toilette, illustrating the employment of costly "dentelle"

Novel Fancies in Fabrics

Then there is the lace train, another assured event, and especially attractive when permitted to accompany one of the heavy, plain white satin short-waisted gowns, unrelieved save by some pearl or *dimanté* embroidery round the *décolletage*. Obviously, the temptation is running strongly towards indulging in white and silver and white and gold effects, while by no means the least important of the many innovations will be the striped gown. There is a new *crêpe-de-soie* and satin stripe that has seldom been equalled for delicacy and softness of aspect, also a *faille mousseline* with a satin stripe; the latter, in both cases, not exceeding three-quarters of an inch in width, the same holding good of striped *moiré*. There is, too, a *moiré mousseline*, rich and dull of aspect, and exceedingly expensive, the latter fact certainly ensuring an exclusive acceptance; whereas a general acclaim of approbation will go out to a satin Duchesse, that boasts such an extraordinarily bright finish in the distance it might almost be mistaken for silver.

Clever choice of fabric, as I have maintained all along, is going to form the crux of the dressing of the season, that may be defined as Eclectic. Given originality and excellence in this regard, the schemes that will secure first place as genuinely artistic creations will be of boldly simple outline, ornamented, to a degree that will undoubtedly touch the ubiquitous, with lace draped to harmonise.

To the acceptance of narrow striped tweeds there is truly no end. In some quarters this vogue is already threatened with the dread signia *démodé*, but I think myself that will not hold good. In the gradations of grey and white stripes alone there is sufficient choice to see a long season through. And when the grey of these stripes verges towards a blue, then is there privileged the smart coatee of dark blue cloth, on which has arisen the perennial flat burnished gilt button and narrow inner vest of white cloth.